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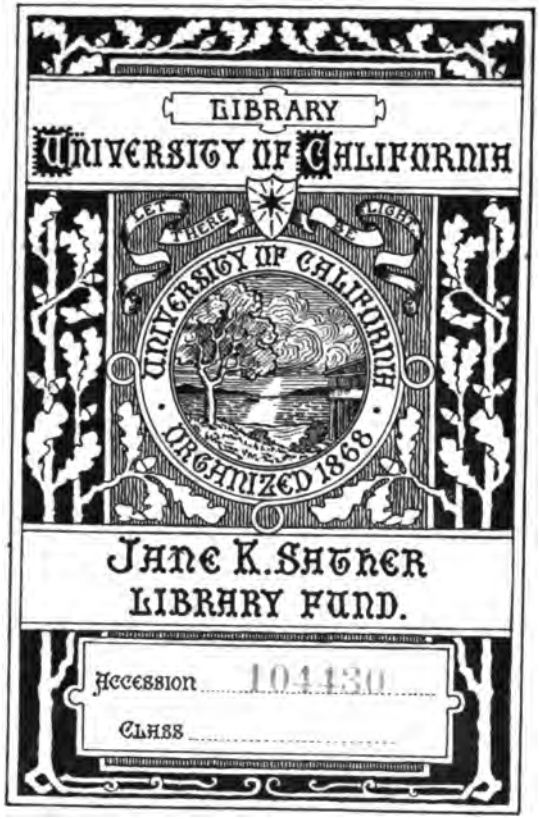

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ΙΧΘΥΣ

CHRIST IN SONG.

Hymns of Immanuel:

SELECTED FROM ALL AGES, WITH NOTES,

BY

PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY.

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CHRIST IN SONG

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CHRISTO SACRUM.

Χριστὸς τὰ πάντα ἐν πᾶσιν.

Thro' life and death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
Christ shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ is the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER: TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER! AMEN.

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PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE reception given to the first editions of "Christ in Song" was highly gratifying to the author and the publishers. The work was at once accorded the rank of a recognized authority, in its department, and has had an appreciable effect in developing a pure hymnological taste, and affording material to compilers of our recent noble Collections of Hymns for Church Use.

A new edition of "Christ in Song" was contemplated by Dr. Schaff. In the present edition his well-known tastes and methods have been followed. It has, at least, been my aim to follow them. The text of the hymns and the prefatory notices have been subjected to a careful scrutiny. The literary judgments of Dr. Schaff have in no case been altered. The text of the hymns, it has been found necessary to change only in a few rare cases. The prefatory notes have been amended where the progress of hymnological study has demanded it; and such

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additions of dates and names have been made as the lapse of years has rendered necessary.

The chapter of additional Hymns (Vol. II. pp. 299–375) has been added in accordance with Dr. Schaff's understood purpose. His taste, as far as it was known, has guided in their choice. The title "Christ All in All" has been chosen for the wide latitude it allows. It will be seen that the selection follows a well-defined order, beginning with the Incarnation, and closing with the believer's union with the ascended Christ in glory. Most of the additional Hymns have either been written or gained currency since the original preparation of the work.

It is hoped that this collection of Sacred Song may continue to have a ministry in confirming faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Redeemer of the world, by leading to the fresh and living springs of Christian hymnody.

Dr. Philip Schaff was born at Chur, in the Canton of Graubündten, Switzerland, January 1, 1819, and died in New York City, October 20, 1893. In 1844, while he was engaged as theological tutor at the University of Berlin, he accepted a call to the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church, then located in Mercersburg, Pa., and now, at Lancaster in the same State. He at once began to attract attention in this country by his writings, as he already had done in Germany. By the

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publication of his "History of the Apostolic Church" in German, in 1851, and in English, two years later, he won a place in the front rank of living Church Historians.

In 1863, he passed to the city of New York, where he subsequently identified himself with the Presbyterian Church. In 1870, he accepted a professorship in the Union Theological Seminary, where he continued to lecture till a few weeks before his death.

Among the distinguished services which Dr. Schaff rendered, were the preparation for the great Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, which convened in New York, in 1873, and the selection and chairmanship of the American Committee of Bible Revision. He was one of the most tireless and consistent advocates of the Reunion of Christendom of his generation. His last public utterance was a paper on this subject, at the Parliament of Religions, in Chicago, September, 1893.

Few authors in the department of theological literature have excelled Dr. Schaff in literary industry, and, it is probable that the name of none other, in the last two generations, has been associated with more volumes of recognized merit than his. His reputation, in this realm, will depend ultimately upon his contributions to Church History, and the History of Creeds.

The study of Church Hymnody was early taken up by Dr. Schaff. As a school boy, he wrote poetical pieces with

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fluency, and thought himself, as he has said, "almost a poet." His services, in this department, began soon after his arrival in the United States, when he devoted special attention to it in a German Monthly, of which he was the founder and editor, *Der Kirchenfreund* (The Church-friend). There he published original German poems of Mrs. Heusser and Dr. J. P. Lange, as well as translations of German and other hymns by Dr. J. W. Alexander, Prof. Thomas C. Porter, and others. In 1859, he met the crying need of a German hymn-book in America, edited with critical skill, by the publication of his *Deutsche Gesangbuch*, whose merits were at once recognized by competent critics in Germany, such as Albert Knapp, Prof. Dorner, Dr. Ebrard, Dr. Lange, as well as others in the United States. The work, in enlarged form, is still widely used. He also had a part with Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, and Dr. Z. Eddy, in editing the "Hymns and Songs of Praise," which appeared in 1874.

Dr. Schaff likewise employed his pen upon articles on special hymnological themes such as the great hymns of the Middle Ages, the Dies Irae and the Stabat Mater; on the Poetry of the Bible and St. Bernard as a Hymnist.[1] His last contribution, in this department, was an article on German Hymnology, prepared for Julian's *Dictionary*

[1] These studies may be found in Dr. Schaff's *Literature and Poetry*, New York, 1890, pp. 63-256.

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of Hymnology. Of "Christ in Song," it is only necessary to say that it appeared for the first time in 1868, the edition being exhausted in a few weeks. A distinct English edition appeared in 1869.

Dr. Schaff's last written testimony to his interest in the splendid treasure the Church has in its hymns, bearing witness in all the ages to its faith, was as follows, "The history of hymnody is one of the most interesting branches of Church History, and equally important for the development of worship and Christian life, but has only of late begun to be well cultivated. It is like a garden filled with fragrant flowers. It exhibits piety in its purest forms. Many hymns have a rich history of their own, which is written in the biographies of saints." [1] To have had some share in opening the gates into this rich garden, he would have pronounced to be not the least of the privileges of his life.

DAVID S. SCHAFF.

September, 1895.

[1] PHILIP SCHAFF: *Theological Propædeutic*, being a General Introduction to the Study of Theology, New York, 1893, p. 511.

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PREFACE.

CHRIST is the centre of sacred art as well as of theology and religion. The noblest works of the master-painters are attempts to portray His "human face divine," now in the charm of childhood, now in the agony of the cross, now in the glory of the resurrection, now in His majesty as the judge of the world. From Him music has drawn its highest inspiration, and Händel transcended himself when he made "Messiah" his theme. The sweetest lyrics of Zion in all ages celebrate the events of His life and the boundless wealth of mercy and peace that is treasured up in His person and work for every believer.

The hymns of JESUS are the Holy of holies in the temple of sacred poetry. From this sanctuary every doubt is banished; here the passions of sense, pride, and unholy ambition give way to the tears of penitence, the joys of faith, the emotions of love, the aspirations of hope, the anticipations of heaven; here the dissensions

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of rival churches and theological schools are hushed into silence; here the hymnists of ancient, mediæval, and modern times, from every section of Christendom — profound divines, stately bishops, humble monks, faithful pastors, devout laymen, holy women — unite with one voice in the common adoration of a common Saviour. He is the theme of all ages, tongues, and creeds, the divine harmony of all human discords, the solution of all the dark problems of life.

What an argument this for the great mystery of "God manifest in flesh," and for the communion of saints! Where is the human being, however great and good, that could open such a stream of grateful song, ever widening and deepening from generation to generation, in every land!

Blessed Saviour! Thou indeed, and Thou alone, with the Father and the Holy Ghost ever one God, art worthy to receive blessing and glory, praise and adoration from the innumerable army of the redeemed in the Church militant on earth, and the Church triumphant in heaven, for ever and for ever!

A complete and carefully selected LYRA CHRISTOLOGICA, embracing the choicest hymns on the Person and Work of our Lord from all ages, denominations, and tongues, must be welcome to every lover of sacred poetry.

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Such a work is here attempted from the best hymnological sources. A large proportion of the poems are translations or transfusions from the Greek, Latin, and German; with a few from other languages. The English hymns are nearly all given, as they came from the inspiration of the poet, without omission or alteration. Any other course would be contrary to good taste, and a violation of the sacredness of literary property. The *Lyra Sacra* of America is well represented. Although only about thirty years old, it takes an honorable rank among its older and richer sisters.

About thirty pieces are especially prepared for this Collection, and will attract attention. The Editor begs leave here, publicly, to express his cordial thanks to his friends, the Rev. Drs. W. A. Muhlenberg, Ray Palmer, E. A. Washburn, A. R. Thompson, Prof. Thomas C. Porter, the Rev. James Inglis, the Hon. E. C. Benedict, Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale, and Mrs. Dr. H. B. Smith, for valuable contributions, as well as to those authors and publishers who kindly permitted him to use poems already known.

Under each section the pieces are mostly arranged in chronological order, to enable the reader to trace the history of Christian life in song. It will be observed that the Church before the Reformation, celebrated mainly the great objective facts in Christ's life (*Christus*

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pro nobis); while the hymnists after the Reformation, without neglecting the festival themes, brought out more fully the subjective application of Christ's merits, and our relation to Him (*Christus in nobis*). A few mediæval singers, especially St. Bernard in his "Jesu dulcis memoria," have anticipated the deep fervor of that true evangelical piety, which consists in a personal apprehension of Christ by faith, and immediate union and communion with Him, as the all-sufficient Fountain of grace and peace.

I need hardly add that the Collection is intended for private devotion, and hence includes many poems which would be out of place in a hymn-book for public worship.

May He, whose holy name shines on every page, own and bless this labor of love to His own glory and praise, and to the joy and comfort of His people; animating their songs in the house of their pilgrimage, until they adore Him face to face in the chorus of Redemption everlasting.

P. S.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK,
October 5, 1868.

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LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL SOURCES

USED AND QUOTED IN THIS COLLECTION.

I. *For Ancient and Mediæval (Greek and Latin) Hymnology.*

H. A. DANIEL: *Thesaurus Hymnologicus.* Lipsiae, 1841–1856. 5 vols. Contains Latin, Greek, and Syriac Hymns.

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RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH: *Sacred Latin Poetry, chiefly Lyrical.* Second edition, corrected and improved. London and Cambridge, 1864, 1874.

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II. *For German Hymnology.*

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ALBERT KNAPP: *Evangelischer Liederschatz* Stuttgart, third edition, 1865, contains 3130 hymns. New edition by his son, 1890.

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PHILIP SCHAFF: *Deutsches Gesangbuch.* Philadelphia, first published 1859, and often since. New edition, enlarged (540 hymns), 1874.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX: *Sacred Hymns from the German.* London, 1841, new edition, 1865.

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HORÆ GERMANICÆ, by HENRY MILLS. New York and Auburn. Second edition, 1856.

HYMNS FROM THE LAND OF LUTHER. *Translated from the German* (by JANE BORTHWICK, published first in four Series, Edinburgh, 1853, and in 1 vol. 1862; also in New York). Edition of 1884 contains *Alpine Lyrics*, being translations of poems of Mrs. META HEUSSER.

LYRA DOMESTICA: *Christian Songs for Domestic Edification. Translated from* SPITTA by RICHARD MASSIE. London, 1860. Second Series, 1864.

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LORD SELBORNE: *Book of Praise.* London and Cambridge, 1862. Third edition, 1867.

CHARLES ROGERS: *Lyra Britannica.* A Collection of British Hymns printed from the genuine texts. London, 1867.

PHILIP SCHAFF and ARTHUR GILMAN: *A Library of Religious Poetry.* New York, 1881. New edition, 1894.

JOSIAH MILLER: *Singers and Songs of the Church.* London, second edition 1869.

S W. CHRISTOPHERS: *The Epworth Singers*, etc, New York, 1874.

E. F. HATFIELD: *The Poets of the Church.* New York, 1884.

S. W. DUFFIELD: *English Hymns, their Authors and History.* New York, 1886.

H S. BURRAGE: *Baptist Hymn Writers.* Portland, 1888.

JOHN JULIAN: *Dictionary of Hymnology.* London and New York, 1892. Altogether the fullest and most satisfactory work on Hymnology yet published in English. Indispensable to the student of hymns.

GOOD EDITIONS of the POEMS of religious authors from GEORGE HERBERT, WATTS, WESLEY, DODDRIDGE, down to BONAR, RAY PALMER, COXE, BICKERSTETH, WORDSWORTH, HOW, and others.

COLLECTIONS OF HYMNS. The number of fine collections of hymns for private and congregational use of the last generation is large. Mention may here be made of *The Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, revised edition, 1875 (*Supplemental Hymns*, 165 in number, 1889); *The Hymnary*, 1872; *Church of England Hymn Book*, 1882; *Westminster Abbey Hymn Book*, 1883 in England; and *Hymns and Songs of Praise* (Drs. HITCHCOCK, EDDY, SCHAFF), 1874; *The Evangelical Hymnal* (C. C. HALL), 1880; *Carmina Sanctorum* (HITCHCOCK and MUDGE) 1885; *Laudes Domini* (CHAS. S. ROBINSON) 1884, *sqq.*; *Hymns of the Faith* (TUCKER and HARRIS), 1887; *The Hymnal* (as adopted by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church), 1892, in the United States.

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CHRIST FOR US.

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SALVATOR MUNDI.

By the Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D., New York. (Born at Little Compton, R. I., 1808, author of "My faith looks up to Thee.") Written for this Collection, as a Prelude, at the request of the Editor, February, 1868. Died at Newark, N. J., 1887.

OH! long and darksome was the night
That in dull watches wore away,
With moon and stars alone to light
A world bewildered and astray;
While oft thick shade and murky cloud
Pale moon and stars did deep enshroud;
And nations looked, and hoped in vain
That over earth, of guilt and sorrow,
Of sin and hate, the sad domain,
Might dawn a bright and cheerful morrow.

'Twas not, Eternal Love, that Thou
Hadst lost Thy care for mortal men:
No, Thou didst yearn of old, as now,
To fold them to Thy heart again;
Thou didst but wait till men might know
That sin's ripe fruits were death and woe;
Till, worn and sick of fruitless grief,
Of lust's foul cup to loathing taken,
With longing they might crave relief
Ere yet of God and hope forsaken.

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There were who heard with trusting heart,
E'en then. Thy words of hope and cheer;
Who saw by faith the night depart,
And morning break serene and clear.
On holy prophets shone afar
The gleam of Jacob's promised Star;
The rising of the Lord of day,
That, o'er the world his radiance throwing,
Should chase the spectral night away,
And mount to noon resplendent glowing.

When Thou, O Christ! of flesh wast born,
To greet Thee in Thy humble bed,
Though earth Thy lowliness should scorn,
Celestial bands with rapture sped;
At midnight on the silent air
Thy birth their floating strains declare:
The shepherds catch the thrilling lay,
In harmonies their senses steeping;
Then to Thy manger take their way,
And gaze on Thee, an infant sleeping!

While Thou didst dwell with men below,
'Twas morning twilight's early blush;
Thy light yet veiled, 'twas Thine to know
Sweet childhood's dream, youth's joyous flush;
Then manhood's burdens, cares, and fears,
Its toils and weariness and tears;
Tears shed for human grief and woes
Mark Thee, of all, the Man of Sorrows:

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And through Thy life the grandeur grows
That manhood from the Godhead borrows!

When, all forsaken of Thine own,
Robed in mock purple Thou didst stand,
Thou wast a King — without a throne;
A Sovereign Lord — without command;
'Neath purple robe and thorns concealed,
Divinity its light revealed;
Upon the Roman's heart it fell,
And its keen flash, his conscience waking,
Wrought in him like some mighty spell,
The pride of his strong spirit breaking.

When came at last Thy darkest hour,
On which the sun refused to look,
Though hell seemed armed with conquering power,
And earth, as seized with terror, shook;
Though from Thy lips the dying cry,
By anguish wrung, went up on high:
Still, 'mid the darkness and the fear,
O Son of God! Thy life resigning,
Thou didst to those that saw appear
The Light of men, — eclipsed, yet shining!

E'en the dark tomb of chiselled rock
Thy glory could not all repress:
A moment hid, with earthquake shock
Abroad it streamed again to bless;
Angels first caught the vision bright,
Then broke its beams on mortal sight:

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The Conqueror of Death and Hell,
Thou stoodst, Thine own each word attending,
Till on their wistful eyes there fell
Splendors divine from Thee ascending!

For ever on the unveiled throne,
O Lamb divine! enrobed in light,
Thou life and love, and joy unknown,
Dost shed while ages wing their flight;
The cherubim before Thee bow;
The fulness of the Godhead Thou!
Thy uncreated beauty greets
The longing eyes that, upward gazing,
Feast on Thy smile, that ever meets
Thy saints that wait before Thee praising.

Head over all! 'tis Thine to reign;
The groaning earth with joy shall see
What ages sought, but sought in vain,
The balm for all its woes in Thee;
Eyes fixed on Thee shall dry their tears;
Hearts stayed on Thee shall lose their fears,
Fair innocence and love shall breathe
Their fragrant breath o'er vale and mountain,
And Faith pure altars shall enwreathe,
And nations bathe in Calvary's fountain.

Crowned Lord of lords, Thy power shall bring
All Thine Thy glory to partake;
Thyself enthroned Eternal King,
Of them Thy love shall Princes make;

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And Priests, that in the Holy Place
Shall serve, adorned and full of grace;
The Church, Thy queenly Bride, shall stand
In vesture like Thy brightness shining,
Content to clasp Thy royal hand,
All other love for Thine resigning.

O Love beyond all mortal thought!
Unquenchable by flood or sea!
Love that, through death, to man hath brought
The life of Immortality!
Thou dost enkindle Heaven's own fire
In hearts all dead to high desire.
Let love for love our souls inflame,
The perfect love that faileth never;
And sweet Hosannas to Thy Name
Through Heaven's vast dome go up for ever!

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THE ADVENT.

"ARISE, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." — ISA. lx. 1.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." — ROM. xiii. 12.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Father of all mercies, we render Thee most hearty thanks, that after man, created in Thine own image, had fallen under the curse of sin and death, Thou didst not leave him to perish in helpless misery, but didst provide a Saviour, and proclaim to the fathers, by the mouth of Thy prophets and holy men of old, the Advent of Thy dear Son, the Hope of Israel, the Desire of all nations, the Redeemer of the world, that, by believing on Him, we might have the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting: to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, be glory and thanksgiving, world without end. Amen.

"TANDEM fluctus, tandem luctus,
Sol erumpens temperat;
Nunc aurora, rupta mora,
Lucem lactam nunciat."

OLD HYMN

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THE ADVENT.

O THOU REDEEMER OF OUR RACE!

(*Veni, Redemptor gentium.*)

From the Latin of ST. AMBROSE, Bishop of Milan, the father of Latin church poetry (died 397). Translated for this Collection by the Rev. Dr. RAY PALMER, April, 1868. The best of the Ambrosian hymns (except the *Te Deum*, which is older), full of faith, rugged vigor, austere simplicity, and bold contrasts, but of objectionable taste in st. 3, which is here smoothed down. It has been freely reproduced in German by LUTHER (*Nu komm der Heiden Heiland*), JOHN FRANK (*Komm, Heidenheiland, Lösegeld*), and others (see SCHAFF'S *German Hymn Book*, No. 72), and many times in English. Dr. J. M. NEALE'S version, "Come, Thou Redeemer of the Earth," retains the harsh features of the original, and is not as happy as some other translations of this great master. Upon the whole, I prefer Dr. Palmer's (which here appears for the first time) to other English translations. St. Augustine, in his "Confessions," testifies to the effect of the hymns and music introduced into the church of Milan by Ambrose, his spiritual father. "How did I weep, O Lord! through Thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of Thy sweet-attuned church! The voices sank into mine ears, and the truths distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotions overflowed; tears ran down, and I rejoiced in them."

O THOU Redeemer of our race!
Come, show the Virgin's Son to earth:
Let every age admire the grace;
Worthy a God Thy human birth!

'Twas by no mortal will or aid,
But by the Holy Spirit's might,
That flesh the Word of God was made,
A babe yet waiting for the light.

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Spotless remains the Virgin's name,
Although the Holy Child she bears;
And virtue's banners round her flame,
While God a temple so prepares.

As if from honor's royal hall,
Comes forth at length the Mighty One,
Whom Son of God and Man they call,
Eager His destined course to run.[1]

Forth from the Father's bosom sent,
To Him returned, He claimed His own;
Down to the realms of death He went,
Then rose to share the eternal throne.

An equal at the Father's side,
Thou wear'st the trophy[2] of Thy flesh;

---

[1] In the original: "Geminæ gigas substantiæ,
Alacris ut currat viam."

The *giant of two-fold substance* is an allusion to the "giants" of Gen. vi. 4, who, by some of the early Fathers, were supposed to have been of a double nature; being the offspring of the "sons of God," or angels (?), and the "daughters of men," and who furnished a forced resemblance to the two-fold nature of Christ, according to the mystical interpretation of Ps. xix. 5, "as a bridegroom cometh out of his chamber, . . . as a strong man to run a race," which was referred to the earthly course of the Redeemer. Comp. AMBROSIUS: *De incarnat. Domini*, c. 5.

[2] Not "mantle." *Tropæo* or *trophæo* is undoubtedly the true reading (for *strophæo* or *strophio*). The Fathers frequently call the risen flesh of Christ *tropæum*, τρόπαιον κατὰ δαιμόνων, a trophy erected as a monument of His victory over death. — DANIEL: *Thesaurus Hymnol.*, I. p. 14; TRENCH: *Sacred Latin Poetry*, 2d ed., p. 69.

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In Thee our nature shall abide
In strength complete, in beauty fresh.

With light divine Thy manger streams,
That kindles darkness into day;
Dimmed by no night henceforth, its beams
Shine through all time with changeless ray.

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

Midnight Hymn of the Eastern Church. From the Greek, by G. MOULTRIE, *Lyra Messianica*, 1864.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom the Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes!

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware, lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eyes, and thus
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us!"

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That day, the day of fear, shall come: my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."[1]

Beware, my soul; beware, beware, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light, — the glory of the Son.

ON JORDAN'S BANK.

(*Jordanis oras prævia vox ecce Baptistæ quatit.*)

From the Latin, by the Rev. J. CHANDLER. *The Hymns of the Primitive Church*, Lond. 1837.

ON Jordan's bank, the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh:

[1] For the received text, Matt. xxv. 1: "to meet the *bridegroom*." But there is another reading in Greek: "to meet the bridegroom *and the bride*" (the Church). It was a custom among the Jews and Greeks that the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, went to the house of the bride, to lead her to his own home; and, on his returning with her, he was joined by the virgins, the friends of the bride.

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Come, then, and hearken; for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest!
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord, —
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace, our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

Stretch forth Thy hand, to heal our sore,
And make us rise, to fall no more;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

To Him, who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given!
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, — Three in One!

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DRAW NIGH, DRAW NIGH, EMMANUEL.

(*Veni, veni, Emmanuel.*)

From the Latin of the twelfth century, by Dr. J. M. NEALE (died 1866): *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, 3d ed., Lond. 1867. "This Advent hymn is little more than a versification of some of the Christmas antiphons commonly called the O's." It is found also in the *Hymnal Noted*; in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and other collections. See the Latin in DANIEL, *Thes.*, Tom. II. p. 336.

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the SON of GOD appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod! draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy,
From hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, Thou Orient, Who shalt cheer
And comfort by Thine Advent here,
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

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Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key;
The heavenly gate will ope to Thee:
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes, from Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

ONCE HE CAME IN BLESSING.

(*Gottes Sohn ist kommen.*)

From the German of MICHAEL WEISS, who reproduced the old hymns of the Bohemian (Moravian) Brethren in German, 1531. Translated by Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1862.

ONCE He came in blessing,
All our ills redressing,—
Came in likeness lowly,
Son of God most holy;
Bore the Cross to save us,
Hope and freedom gave us.

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Still He comes within us;
Still His voice would win us
From the sins that hurt us,
Would to Truth convert us
From our foolish errors,
Ere He comes in terrors.

Thus, if thou hast known Him,
Not ashamed to own Him,
Nor dost love Him coldly,
But will trust Him boldly,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee, and forgive thee.

But through many a trial,
Deepest self-denial,
Long and brave endurance,
Must thou win assurance
That His own He makes thee,
And no more forsakes thee.

He who thus endureth,
Bright reward secureth:
Come, then, O Lord Jesus!
From our sins release us;
Let us here confess Thee,
Till in heaven we bless Thee.

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LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, YE MIGHTY GATES!

(*Macht hoch die Thür', die Thor' macht weit.*)

Abridged from the German of GEORG WEISSEL, 1630. Based upon Ps. xxiv., as applied to the coming of Christ in the flesh. The original has five stanzas, of eight unequal lines each, and is translated in *Lyra Germ.*, I. pp. 10, 11. The *Canterbury Hymnal* has reduced the whole to three stanzas, of six lines each.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

The Lord is just, a Helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side:
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress.

Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

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Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

So come, my Sovereign! enter in,
Let new and nobler life begin;
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

LET THE EARTH NOW PRAISE THE LORD.

(*Gott sei Dank durch alle Welt.*)

A popular German Advent hymn, by HEINRICH HELD, a lawyer of Silesia, died 1643. Translated by Miss C. WINKWORTH, in the original metre, omitting ver. 7 (*Choral Book for England*, 1862).

LET the earth now praise the Lord,
Who hath truly kept His word,
And the sinner's Help and Friend
Now at last to us doth send.

What the fathers most desired,
What the prophets' hearts inspired,
What they longed for many a year,
Stands fulfilled in glory here.

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Abram's promised great Reward,
Zion's Helper, Jacob's Lord,
Him of twofold race, behold,
Truly come, as long foretold.

Welcome, O my Saviour, now!
Hail! my Portion, Lord, art Thou!
Here, too, in my heart I pray, —
Oh prepare Thyself a way.

Enter, King of glory, in!
Purify the wastes of sin,
As Thou hast so often done:
This belongs to Thee alone.

As Thy coming was all peace,
Noiseless, full of gentleness,
Let the same mind dwell in me
That was ever found in Thee.

Bruise for me the serpent's head,
That, set free from doubt and dread,
I may cleave to Thee in faith,
Safely kept through life and death.

And when Thou dost come again,
As a glorious King to reign,
I with joy may see Thy face,
Freely ransomed by Thy grace.

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LORD, HOW SHALL I BE MEETING?

(*Wie soll ich Dich empfangen?*)

By PAUL GERHARDT, the prince of German hymnists, 1653. Translated, in the spirit and metre of the original, by Dr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER (died 1859), and first published in SCHAFF'S *Deutsche Kirchenfreund*, Mercersburg, for 1850 (p. 176). Another version by Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855: "How shall I meet Thee? how, my heart?"

LORD, how shall I be meeting,
And how shall I embrace
Thee, earth's desire, when greeting
My soul's adorning grace?
O Jesus, Jesus! holding
Thyself the flame in sight,
Show how, Thy beam beholding,
I may my Lord delight.

Fresh palms Thy Zion streweth,
And branches ever green,
And psalms my voice reneweth,
To raise my joy serene.
Such budding tribute paying,
My heart shall hymn Thy praise,
Thy holy name obeying
With chiefest of my lays.

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What hast Thou left ungranted,
To give me glad relief?
When soul and body panted
In utmost depth of grief,
In hour of degradation,
Thy peace and pity smiled,
Then Thou, my soul's salvation,
Didst happy make Thy child.

I lay in slavish mourning,
Thou cam'st to set me free;
I sank in shame and scorning,
Thou cam'st to comfort me.
Thou raisedst me to glory,
Bestowing highest good,
Not frail and transitory,
Like wealth on earth pursued.

Naught, naught did send Thee speeding
From mansions of the skies,
But love all love exceeding,
Love able to comprise
A world in pangs despairing,
Weighed down with thousand woes
That tongue would fail declaring,
But love doth fast inclose.

Grave on your heart this writing,
O band of mourners poor!

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With pains and sorrows fighting,
That throng you more and more;
Dismiss the fear that sickens,
For lo! beside you see
Him who your heart now quickens
And comforts; here is He.

Why should you be detainèd
In trouble day and night,
As though He must be gainèd
By arm of human might?
He comes, He comes, all willing,
All full of grace and love,
Those woes and troubles stilling,
Well known to Him above.

Nor need ye tremble over
The guilt that gives distress.
No! Jesus all will cover
With grace and righteousness:
He comes, He comes, procuring
The peace of sin forgiven,
To all God's sons securing
Their part and lot in heaven.

Why heed ye, then, the crying
Of crafty foemen nigh?
Your Lord shall send them flying
In twinkling of an eye.

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He comes, He comes, for ever
A King; and earth's fell band
Shall prove in the endeavor
Too feeble to withstand.

He comes to judge the nations,
Wroth if they wrathful prove,
With sweet illuminations
To those who seek and love.
Come, come, O Sun eternal!
And all our souls convey
To endless bliss supernal,
In yonder court of day.

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PLUNGED IN A GULF OF DARK DESPAIR.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. The fifth stanza is among the most familiar poetic descriptions of the Saviour's love. LORD SELBORNE, in his *Book of Praise*, omits the fourth stanza. The hymn might as well be classed with the Passion hymns.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — oh, amazing love! —
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

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Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold!
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

MESSIAH, AT THY GLAD APPROACH.

MICHAEL BRUCE, one of the most remarkable short-lived poets, born 1746; educated at the University of Edinburgh; died, of consumption, in 1767, in his twenty-first year. Some of his poems are erroneously ascribed to his friend John Logan. See ROGERS'S *Lyra Brit.*, 1867, p. 97, and JULIAN: *Dict. of Hymnology*.

MESSIAH, at Thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains at Thy call
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

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The incense of the spring ascends
  Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
  The lilies in the vale.

Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
  A robe of beauty, wears;
And in new heavens a brighter sun
  Leads on the promised years.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
  Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
  The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
  The loud hosanna sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns
  O Zion, hail thy King!

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LO, HE COMES! LET ALL ADORE HIM!

Isa. xl. 3-5. THOMAS KELLY, born in Dublin, 1769; educated for the law, ordained 1792; left the Established Church; labored, for the London Missionary Society, with the brothers Haldane; died 1855. Author of 765 hymns, some of which are among the best in the English language.

LO, He comes! let all adore Him!
'Tis the God of grace and truth!
Go! prepare the way before Him,
Make the rugged places smooth!
Lo, He comes, the mighty Lord!
Great His work, and His reward.

Let the valleys all be raisèd;
Go, and make the crooked straight;
Let the mountains be abasèd;
Let all nature change its state;
Through the desert mark a road,
Make a highway for our God.

Through the desert God is going,
Through the desert waste and wild,
Where no goodly plant is growing,
Where no verdure ever smiled;
But the desert shall be glad,
And with verdure soon be clad.

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Where the thorn and brier flourished,
  Trees shall there be seen to grow,
Planted by the Lord and nourished,
  Stately, fair, and fruitful too;
They shall rise on every side,
They shall spread their branches wide.

From the hills and lofty mountains
  Rivers shall be seen to flow;
There the Lord will open fountains,
  Thence supply the plains below;
As He passes, every land
Shall confess His powerful hand.

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, LL. D., born at Exeter, 1792; a distinguished diplomatist and colonial governor in China, died 1872. He was the author of several important works of travel and on politics, and of a volume of excellent hymns published in 1825. This hymn is based on Isa. xxi. 11: "Watchman, what of the night?"

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
  What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

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Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come!

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WHEN JESUS CAME TO EARTH OF OLD.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, a highly accomplished authoress, daughter of Major Humphreys of Ireland; married, in 1850, to the Very Rev. William Alexander, Bishop of Derry. Her *Hymns for Little Children* have an immense circulation in England (two hundred and fifty thousand copies were disposed of before 1867). She has published several volumes of poems, and contributed to the *Lyra Anglicana*, and various magazines.

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.

But, when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of Man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed!

Be with us in this darkened place, —
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, oh teach us, by Thy grace,
To struggle onward into light!

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And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written, every one, —
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone.

Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.

And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

ZION, AT THY SHINING GATES.

BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, D.D., born near Birmingham, 1804; Regius Prof of Greek at Cambridge; Member of the English Committee of Bible Revision.

ZION, at thy shining gates,
Lo, the King of glory waits!
Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet,
Strew thy palms before His feet.

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Christ, for Thee their triple light
Faith and Hope and Love unite;
This the beacon we display,
To proclaim Thine Advent day.

Come, and give us peace within;
Loose us from the bands of sin;
Take away the galling weight
Laid on us by Satan's hate.

Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;
Give us strength Thy cross to bear
Make us Thine in deed and word,
Thine in heart and life, O Lord!

Kill in us the carnal root,
That the Spirit may bear fruit;
Plant in us Thy lowly mind;
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

So, when Thou shalt come again,
Judge of angels and of men,
We, with all Thy saints, shall sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

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HE COMES, NO ROYAL VESTURE WEARING.

(*Dein König kommt in niedern Hüllen.*)

By FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT, one of the greatest German poets of the 19th century, died 1866. A lyric of high order, first published 1824; admirably translated, for this Collection, by Professor THOMAS C. PORTER, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., April 5, 1868. (The original in SCHAFF'S *G. Hymn Book*, No. 81.) Based upon Matt. xxi. 1–11, which is the Gospel lesson for the first Sunday in Advent (and also a proper lesson for Palm Sunday).

HE comes, no royal vesture wearing,
An humble beast the Monarch bearing;
Receive thy King, Jerusalem!
Go forth with palms, His triumph showing,
With branches green the pathway strewing,
And shout hosannas to His name.

O Sovereign, by no host attended!
Strong Champion, by no spear defended!
O Prince of Peace, and David's Son!—
Thy throne, from whose approach for ever
The kings of earth Thy step would sever,
Is by Thee, without battle, won.

Unto the empire Thou hast founded,
Though not of earth, nor by earth bounded,
All earthly realms shall subject be:

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Forth into every land and nation,
Thy servants, armed with Thy salvation,
  March to prepare a way for Thee.

And at Thy coming, clothed with power,
The sullen storm forgets to lower,
  And waves grow calm beneath Thy tread;
The bonds, by man's rebellion blighted,
In a new covenant are united,
  And sin and death in fetters led.

O Lord of grace and truth unending,
And love all reach of thought transcending,
  Revisit us, so sorely tried!
Thine Advent once again is needed,
To form anew Thy peace, unheeded
  By worldly haughtiness and pride.

Oh, let Thy light, which ne'er shall vanish,
From earth the power of darkness banish!
  The lurid flames of discord quell;
That we, the thrones and people loyal,
As brethren 'neath Thy sceptre royal,
  In Thy great Father's house may dwell.

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THE CHURCH HAS WAITED LONG.

By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., of Kelso. Rev. xxii. 20. From his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series, 1857, under the title "Advent."

THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth
Has lived and loved and died;
And, as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,

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The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God!
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving bride
Her absent bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the signs of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

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THE INCARNATION.

"UNTO us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." — ISA. ix. 6.

"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." — JOHN i. 14.

O THOU only-begotten Son of God, Light of Light, God of God, very God of very God, who, in the fulness of time, wast made flesh, and didst take upon Thyself all our sins and infirmities, that we might have salvation from sin, and eternal life, in Thee: — we bless Thee for Thy holy incarnation; and with the multitude of angels who proclaimed Thy birth, and with Thy people among all nations, we unite in singing, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men! Amen.

"WELCOME to our wondering sight,
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter! day in night!
Heaven in earth! and God in man!
Great Little One, whose glorious birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth."

RICHARD CRASHAW 1646.

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THE INCARNATION.

A GREAT AND MIGHTY WONDER.

(*Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα.*)

Ascribed to ANATOLIUS (Patriarch of Constantinople, and member of the Ecumenical Council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451), by Dr. J. MASON NEALE (*Hymns of the Eastern Church*, London, 1862). In the 4th ed. of Dr. NEALE'S *Hymns* the Rev. S. G. HATHERLY gives reasons for regarding ST. GERMANUS (died 734) as the author, which JULIAN pronounces decisive.

A GREAT and mighty wonder
The festal makes secure:
The Virgin bears the Infant
With virgin-honor pure.

The Word is made incarnate,
And yet remains on high;
And cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

And we with them triumphant,
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men!"

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While thus they praise your Monarch,
  Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
  Ye oceans, clap your hands!

Since all He came to ransom,
  By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
  The Saviour and the Lord!

And idol forms shall perish,
  And error shall decay;
And Christ shall wield His sceptre,
  Our Lord and God for aye.

FROM WHERE THE RISING SUN GOES FORTH.

(*A solis ortûs cardine.*)

ST. AMBROSE of Milan, 397. The original, as given by DANIEL (*Thes. Hymnol.*, I. p. 21), has fifty-six lines, but only a part of it (vers. 4, 5, 6) has passed into ecclesiastical use. The beginning is borrowed from Ps. cxii. 3: "A solis ortu usque ad occasum laudabile nomen."

FROM where the rising sun goes forth
  To where he spans the utmost earth
Proclaim we CHRIST our King, this morn
Of Mary Virgin-mother born:

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All climes unite in common voice;
Judea, Rome, and Greece rejoice;
Thrace, Egypt, Persia, Scythia, now
To one sole King's dominion bow.

All, all, confess your LORD and King;
Redeemed and lost, His praises sing;
Health, sickness, life, and death adore;
All live in Him, they die no more.

His beauteous portal, full of grace,
Is hallowed for the King to pass;
The King doth pass: the folded door
Abideth folded as before.[1]

SON of the FATHER's Might Divine,
Proceeding from His Virgin-shrine,
Maker, Redeemer, Bridegroom, He
The Giant of His Church shall be.[2]

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[1] An allusion to the *porta clausa*, Ezek. xliv. 1–3, which was understood of the womb of the Virgin. This is one of the earliest testimonies of the belief in the perpetual virginity of Mary, which subsequently became a dogma of the Greek and Roman-Catholic Churches, and is held also by many Protestant divines, although it cannot be proved from the New Testament.

[2] *Suæ gigas ecclesiæ* refers to the double nature of Christ, in allusion to the mystical interpretation of the giants, Gen. vi. 4. Comp. *geminæ gigas substantiæ*, in Ambrose's "Veni Redemptor gentium," line 15 (see p. 10).

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Of Mother-maid the light and joy,
Of all believers hope most high,
He the dark cup of death shall drain
Ere He unloose our guilty chain.

Fair Stone, cut out from mountain-height,
Filling the world with grace and light,
Whom, by no hand of mortal hewn,
The ancient sages had foreshown:[1]

'Tis done, what herald-angel said,
He, the True WORD, true flesh is made,
A Virgin-birth of Virgin-womb,
Virgin of virgins, CHRIST is come.

The skies have shed the dew from heaven,
The outpouring clouds the Just One given,
Earth's open lap receives the birth,
And brings the LORD the SAVIOUR forth.

Oh! 'twas a wondrous travail there
When Him, the CHRIST, the Virgin bare,
So bare the birth, the Offspring pure,
As Ever-virgin to endure.

Creator He of all the race,
For whom creation hath no place,
Hath found, chaste Mother, where to dwell,
Hath shrined Him in thy sacred cell:

---

[1] Dan. ii. 34; Isa. xxviii. 16; Eph. ii. 20; 1 Cor. iii. 11; 1 Pet. ii. 4, 6, 7.

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Whom SIRE most High, when time was not,
GOD Very GOD of GOD begot,
The bosom chaste of Mother mild
In time doth bear a new-born Child.

OF THE FATHER'S LOVE BEGOTTEN.

(*Corde natus ex Parentis.*)

From the Latin of CLEMENS AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS, of Spain, born 348. DANIEL, *Thesaurus*, I. 122; WACKERNAGEL, I. 36; an English version in *The Hymnal Noted*, No. 32; *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 46.

OF the FATHER'S love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

He is here, whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the voices of the Prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested,
To receive the praise of man,
Evermore and evermore!

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Oh that ever-blessed birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
Of the HOLY GHOST incarnate
Bare the SAVIOUR of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His Sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore!

Praise Him, O ye heavens of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue
Sing the praise of GOD aright!
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

Laud and honor to the Father!
Laud and honor to the Son!
Laud and honor to the Spirit!
Ever Three and ever One:

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Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore!

FROM LANDS THAT SEE THE SUN.

(*A solis ortûs cardine.*)

From the Latin of Cœlius Sedulius, most probably a native of Rome, and presbyter in the fifth century. This hymn is found in all the Breviaries. See the Latin in Daniel, *Thesaurus*, I. p. 143. Luther calls Sedulius the "most Christian of poets."

FROM lands that see the sun arise,
To earth's remotest boundaries,
The Virgin-born to-day we sing,
The Son of Mary, Christ the King.

Blest Author of this earthly frame,
To take a servant's form He came,
That, liberating flesh by flesh,
Whom He had made might live afresh.

In that chaste parent's holy womb
Celestial grace hath found its home:
And she, as earthly bride unknown,
Yet calls that Offspring blest her own.

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The mansion of the modest breast
Becomes a shrine where GOD shall rest:
The pure and undefilèd one
Conceivèd in her womb the SON.

That SON, that Royal SON, she bore,
Whom Gabriel's voice had told afore.
Whom, in His Mother yet concealed,
The Infant Baptist had revealed.

The manger and the straw He bore,
The cradle did He not abhor:
By milk in infant portions fed,
Who gives e'en fowls their daily bread.

The heavenly chorus filled the sky,
The angels sang to GOD on high,
What time to shepherds, watching lone,
They made Creation's Shepherd known.

For that Thine Advent glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee!
With FATHER, and with HOLY GHOST,
From men and from the heavenly host.

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TO-DAY IN BETHLEHEM HEAR I.

(Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ.)

From the Greek of JOHN OF DAMASCUS, died before 787.

TO-DAY in Bethlehem hear I
Sweet angel voices singing:
All glory be to GOD on high,
Who peace to earth is bringing.
The Virgin Mary holdeth more
Than highest heaven most holy:
Light shines on what was dark before,
And lifteth up the lowly.

GOD wills that peace should be in earth,
And holy exultation:
Sweet Babe, I greet Thy spotless birth
And wondrous Incarnation.
To-day in Bethlehem hear I
Even the lowly singing:
With angel-words they pierce the sky;
All earth with joy is ringing.

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ALL HAIL, THOU NIGHT, THAN DAY MORE BRIGHT!

(*O nox vel medio splendidior die.*)

From the Amiens Breviary, translated by W. J. Blew, *Church Hymn and Tune Book*, Lond. 1855.

ALL hail, thou night, than day more bright,
Through whose mysterious shade,
In wondrous birth, arose on earth,
From bosom of pure Maid,
The Sun new-born, a Star of morn,
Filling the world with light!

He who alone, from heaven's high throne,
Rules all, and doth restore
To God's embrace man's fallen race,
Lies on a cottage floor,
Like Him that we, save poverty,
Have nought to call our own.

While o'er their sheep close watch they keep,
Those shepherds first receive
The heavenly call, that doth to all
Great joy and gladness give, —
The call from heaven, to watchmen given
That wake and never sleep.

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COME HITHER, YE FAITHFUL.

(Adeste fideles.)

From a Latin hymn of uncertain date. On insufficient testimony it has been ascribed to ST. BONAVENTURA.

COME hither, ye faithful;
Triumphantly sing;
Come, see in the manger
Our Saviour and King!
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord!
Oh, come ye, come hither,
To worship the Lord!

True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven:
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

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To Thee, then, O Jesus!
  This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
  Through heaven and earth!
True Godhead Incarnate!
  Omnipotent Word!
Oh, come, let us hasten
  To worship the Lord!

A CHILD IS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

(*Puer natus in Bethlehem.*)

A joyous Christmas hymn of the 14th century, which continued in use, in the Lutheran churches of Germany, wellnigh to this day. English versions by R. F. LITTLEDALE, Mrs. CHARLES, and others. The Latin in DANIEL, I. 334; TRENCH, p. 97; and WACKERNAGEL (*Das Deutsche Kirchenlied*, vol. i. p. 198–200), who gives ten forms of this hymn.

A CHILD is born in Bethlehem;
  Rejoice and sing, Jerusalem.
Within a manger He doth lie,
Whose throne is set above the sky.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

The wise men came, led by the star;
Gold, myrrh, and incense brought from far.

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The ox and ass beheld that sight;
The creature knew the Lord of might.[1]
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

His mother is the Virgin mild,
And He the Father's only child.
The serpent's wound He beareth not,
Yet takes our blood, and shares our lot.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

Our human flesh He enters in,
But free from every stain of sin.
To fallen man himself He bowed,
That He might lift us up to God.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

On this most blessed jubilee,
All glory be, O God! to Thee.
O Holy Three, we Thee adore,
This day, henceforth, for evermore.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

---

[1] "Cognovit bos et asinus
Quod puer erat Dominus."

The mediæval legend of the ox and ass recognizing and worshipping the Lord whom the Jews ignored and rejected, figures prominently in Catholic pictures of the holy family, and rests upon a fanciful interpretation of Isa. i. 3 ("Cognovit bos possessorem suum, et asinus præsepe domini sui"), and Hab. iii. 2 ("In medio duorum animalium innotesceris"), which was understood as a prophetic allusion to the manger of Bethlehem.

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THERE COMES A GALLEY LADEN.

(*Es kommt ein Schiff geladen.*)

From the German of JOHN TAULER, a celebrated mystic divine and revival preacher, died 1361. See the original in WACKERNAGEL'S *Deutsches Kirchenlied von der ältesten Zeit*, &c., Leipzig, 1867, vol. ii. pp. 302, 303 (three forms). Another translation, by C. W. SHIELDS ("There comes a bark full laden"), in *Sacred Lyrics from the German*, Phila., p. 109.

THERE comes a galley laden,
A heavenly freight on board;
It bears GOD'S SON, the SAVIOUR,
The great Undying WORD.

And proudly floats that galley,
From troubled coast to coast:
Its sail is love and mercy;
Its mast, the HOLY GHOST.

Now earth hath caught the anchor,
The ship hath touched the strand
GOD'S WORD, in fleshly garment,—
The SON,—steps out on land.

Thou Bethlehem the lowly
Receiv'st Him in thy stall;
Thou giv'st Him rest and shelter,
Who comes to save us all.

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Oh! haste, my brothers, quickly
To kiss this little Child,
Who dies a glorious Martyr
For souls with sin defiled.

And he who dies with JESUS,
With JESUS he shall rise,
And love eternal waft him
With CHRIST beyond the skies.

ALL PRAISE TO THEE, ETERNAL LORD!

(Grates nunc omnes reddamus.)

On the basis of LUTHER's hymn, *Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ*, 1523, which is itself freely reproduced and enlarged from the short sequence *De Nativitate Domini*, by NOTKER of St. Gall in the ninth century. (Comp. WACKERNAGEL's *Kirchenlied*, I. 69, who attributes the sequence to Gregory the Great, died 604; DANIEL's *Thes.*, II. 5; KOCH's *Geschichte des Kirchenlieds*, IV. 134; SCHAFF's *Deutsches Gesangbuch*, No. 83; and *Andover Sabbath H. B.*, No. 263.)

ALL praise to Thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood:
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

Once did the skies before Thee bow:
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now;
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

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A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light, —
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won:
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

GOOD NEWS FROM HEAVEN THE ANGELS BRING.

(*Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.*)

From LUTHER'S childlike Christmas carol, written for his children, 1535, and abridged 1543 (*Vom Himmel kam der Engel Schaar*). There are several English translations, one by two little blind girls (commencing, "From highest heaven I just came," and published in the *Lutheran and Missionary*, Philad.), and another by Miss C. WINKWORTH ("From heaven above to earth I come," *Lyra Germ.*, First Series). The following is partly by ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL, who, in 1851, published a volume of *Psalms and Hymns*, consisting chiefly of hymns from the German.

GOOD news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
To us this day a child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

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This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford:
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From sin and sorrow set us free.

To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs:
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn!
In my distress Thou cam'st to me:
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child!
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son:
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

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WE SING TO THEE, IMMANUEL.

(*Wir singen Dir, Immanuel.*)

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT, 1656, by F. E. Cox (*Hymns from the German*, Lond. 1865). Another version in *Lyra Germanica*, I. p. 28: "Thee, O Immanuel! we praise, the Prince of Life, and Fount of Grace." The hymn has twenty stanzas, but is much abridged in German hymn-books (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 86).

WE sing to Thee, IMMANUEL,
The Prince of life, salvation's Well,
The Plant of Heaven, the Star of morn,
The LORD of Lords, the Virgin-born.

All glory, worship, thanks, and praise,
That Thou art come in these our days!
Thou Heavenly Guest expected long,
We hail Thee with a joyful song.

For Thee, since first the world was made,
Men's hearts have waited, watched, and prayed;
Prophets and patriarchs, year by year,
Have longed to see Thy light appear.

O GOD! — they prayed — from Sion rise,
And hear Thy captive people's cries;
At length, O LORD! salvation bring:
Then Jacob shall rejoice and sing.

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Now Thou, by whom the world was made,
Art in Thy manger-cradle laid;
Maker of all things great, art small,
Naked Thyself, though clothing all.

Thou, who both heaven and earth dost sway,
In strangers' inn art fain to stay;
And though Thy power makes angels blest,
Dost seek Thy food from human breast.

Encouraged thus, our love grows bold
On Thee to lay our steadfast hold;
The Cross which Thou didst undergo
Has vanquished death and healed our woe.

Thou art our Head: then, LORD, of Thee,
True, living members we will be;
And, in the strength Thy grace shall give,
Will live as Thou wouldst have us live.

As each short year goes quickly round,
Our Hallelujahs shall resound;
And, when we reckon years no more,
May we in heaven Thy Name adore!

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ALL MY HEART THIS NIGHT REJOICES.

(*Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen.*)

PAUL GERHARDT, 1656. Translated by C. WINKWORTH. The original has fifteen stanzas, but is abridged in most German hymn-books.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices:
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air
Everywhere
Now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come: from all that grieves you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

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Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin,
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted:
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near;
One is here
Mighty for their healing.

Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
Know His will
Is to fill

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Every hand outstretchèd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

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WHILE TO BETHLEHEM.

VIOLANTE DO CEO, a celebrated Portuguese poetess, called "the Tenth Muse of Portugal;" b., at Lisbon, 1601; d., in a cloister, 1693. Translated by J. ADAMSON, *Lusitania Illustrata*, 1842.

WHILE to Bethlehem we are going,
Tell me now, to cheer the road,
Tell me why this lovely Infant
Quitted His divine abode.
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Wherefore from His throne exalted
Came He on this earth to dwell;
All His pomp an humble manger,
All His court a narrow cell?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did He, the Lord Eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be;
He who fashioned for His glory,
Boundless immortality?
"From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Well, then, let us haste to Bethlehem;
Thither let us haste and rest;
For, of all Heaven's gifts, the sweetest,
Sure, is peace, — the sweetest, best.

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THIS IS THE MONTH, AND THIS THE HAPPY MORN.

"On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." By JOHN MILTON, born 1608, died 1674. The magnificent Nativity hymn of the immortal singer of *Paradise Lost*, which follows this, is too long, and not sufficiently lyrical, for our Collection.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,

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Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards[1] haste with odors sweet:
Oh run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel choir,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THOU FAIREST CHILD DIVINE.

(*Du schönstes Gottes-Kind.*)

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1731. Translated by C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germanica*, Second Series).

THOU fairest Child Divine
In yonder manger laid,
In whom is God Himself well pleased,
By whom were all things made,

[1] Sages, Matt. ii.

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On me art Thou bestowed;
How can such wonders be!
The dearest that the Father hath
He gives me here in Thee!

I was a foe to God,
I fought in Satan's host,
I trifled all His grace away,
Alas! my soul was lost.
Yet God forgets my sin;
His heart, with pity moved,
He gives me, Heavenly Child, in Thee:
Lo! thus our God hath loved!

Once blind with sin and self,
Along the treacherous way,
That ends in ruin at the last,
I hastened far astray;
Then God sent down His Son;
For with a love most deep,
Most undeserved, His heart still yearned
O'er me, poor wandering sheep!

God with His life of love
To me was far and strange,
My heart clung only to the world
Of sight and sense and change;
In Thee, Immanuel,
Are God and man made one;
In Thee my heart hath peace with God,
And union in the Son.

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Oh ponder this, my soul:
Our God hath loved us thus,
That even His only dearest Son
He freely giveth us.
Thou precious gift of God,
The pledge and bond of love,
With thankful heart I kneel to take
This treasure from above.

I kneel beside Thy couch,
I press Thee to my heart,
For Thee I gladly all forsake
And from the creature part:
Oh deign to take my heart,
And let Thy heart be mine,
That all my love flow out to Thee
And lose itself in Thine.

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Ps. xcviii.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

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Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

HARK, HOW ALL THE WELKIN RINGS!

CHARLES WESLEY. From his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

HARK, how all the welkin rings!
Glory to the King of kings!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day!

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Christ, by highest Heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here!

Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home!
Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head!
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore;
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
Stamp Thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love!

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Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man:
Oh, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!

HARK, THE GLAD SOUND!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D., died 1751.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song!

On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

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He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasure of His grace
Enrich the humble poor.

His silver trumpets publish loud
The jubilee of the Lord;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd name.

OH, HOW WONDROUS IS THE STORY!

HANNAH MORE, born 1745, died 1833.

OH, how wondrous is the story
Of our blest Redeemer's birth!
See, the mighty Lord of glory
Leaves His heaven to visit earth.

Hear with transport, every creature, —
Hear the gospel's joyful sound:
Christ appears in human nature, —
In our sinful world is found.

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Comes to pardon our transgression,
Like a cloud our sins to blot;
Comes to His own favored nation,
But His own receive Him not.

If the angels who attended
To declare the Saviour's birth,
Who from heaven with songs descended
To proclaim good-will on earth, —

If, in pity to our blindness,
They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wondrous kindness
Had our warmest hopes exceeded.

If some prophet had been sent
With salvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the blest event
Could their warmest love refuse?

But 'twas He to whom in heaven
Hallelujahs never cease;
He, the mighty God, was given, —
Given to us, — a Prince of peace.

None but He who did create us
Could redeem from sin and hell;
None but He could reinstate us
In the rank from which we fell.

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Had He come, the glorious Stranger,
Decked with all the world calls great;
Had He lived in pomp and grandeur,
Crowned with more than royal state, —

Still our tongues, with praise o'erflowing,
On such boundless love would dwell;
Still our hearts, with rapture glowing,
Feel what words could never tell.

But what wonder should it raise,
Thus our lowest state to borrow!
Oh, the high mysterious ways, —
God's own Son a child of sorrow!

'Twas to bring us endless pleasure
He our suffering nature bore;
'Twas to give us heavenly treasure
He was willing to be poor.

Come, ye rich, survey the stable
Where your infant Saviour lies;
From your full, o'erflowing table,
Send the hungry good supplies.

Boast not your ennobled stations;
Boast not that you're highly fed;
Jesus — hear it, all ye nations! —
Had not where to lay His head.

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Learn of me, thus cries the Saviour,
If my kingdom you'd inherit;
Sinner, quit your proud behavior,
Learn my meek and lowly spirit.

Come, ye servants, see your station
Freed from all reproach and shame:
He who purchased your salvation
Bore a servant's humble name.

Come, ye poor, some comfort gather;
Faint not in the race you run:
Hard the lot your gracious Father
Gave His dear, His only Son.

Think that, if your humbler stations
Less of worldly good bestow,
You escape those strong temptations
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See, your Saviour is ascended;
See, He looks with pity down:
Trust Him, all will soon be mended;
Bear His cross, you'll share His crown.

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WHEN JORDAN HUSHED HIS WATERS STILL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL; born at Glasgow, 1777; died 1844, and interred in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Salem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light, —

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory gild the sky;
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they smote their harps and sung:

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O Zion! lift thy raptured eye:
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye:
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

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HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES?

Rev. JOHN CAWOOD (born at Matlock, in Derbyshire, 1775; died 1852). From the author's MS., furnished by his son for ROGERS's *Lyra Britannica*, Lond. 1867. In the usual collections, the Hallelujah and the last stanza are omitted. Cawood wrote also, as a counterpart, a missionary hymn commencing, "Hark! what mean those lamentations, Rolling sadly through the sky? 'Tis the cry of heathen nations,— 'Come and help us, or we die!'"

HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure the angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah!

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!
Hallelujah!

"Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah!

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"Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah!

"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!
Hallelujah!"

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah!

ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, son of a Moravian minister; born 1771, died at Sheffield, 1854. His first volume of poems was composed in prison, and published in 1797, under the title, *Prison Amusements*.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship, —
Worship Christ the new-born King.

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Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come and worship, —
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship, —
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship, —
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you, break your chains;
Come and worship, —
Worship Christ the new-born King.

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WHAT SUDDEN BLAZE OF SONG.

Dr. JOHN KEBLE (died 1866). From his *Christian Year*, 1827.

WHAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven!
In waves of light it thrills along,
The angelic signal given:
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love, salvation and release!"

Yet stay, before thou dare
To join that festal throng;
Listen, and mark what gentle air
First stirred the tide of song:
'Tis not, "The Saviour born in David's home,
To whom for power and health obedient worlds should come."

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'Tis not, "The Christ the Lord:"
With fixed adoring look
The choir of angels caught the word,
Nor yet their silence broke:
But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,
In sudden light they shone, and heavenly harmony.

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled;
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be;
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon; but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

Thee, on the bosom laid
Of a pure virgin mind,
In quiet ever and in shade
Shepherd and sage may find;

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They who have bowed untaught to Nature's
sway,
And they who follow Truth along her star-paved
way.

The pastoral spirits first
Approach Thee, Babe divine;
For they in lowly thoughts are nursed,
Meet for Thy lowly shrine:
Sooner than they should miss where Thou dost
dwell,
Angels from heaven will stoop to guide them to
Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
For Thee to be revealed,
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,
Abiding in the field:
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their prayer.

Oh faint not ye for fear!
What though your wandering sheep,
Reckless of what they see and hear,
Lie lost in wilful sleep?
High Heaven, in mercy to your sad annoy,
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

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Think on the eternal home
The Saviour left for you;
Think on the Lord most holy, come
To dwell with hearts untrue:
So shall ye tread untired His pastoral ways,
And in the darkness sing your carol of high praise.

'TIS COME, THE TIME SO OFT FORETOLD.

THOMAS GRINFIELD, 1836.

'TIS come, the time so oft foretold,
The time eternal love forecast;
Four thousand years of hope have rolled,
And God hath sent His Son at last.
Let heaven, let earth, adore the plan:
Glory to God, and grace to man!

To swains that watched their nightly fold,
Of lowly lot, of lowly mind,
To these the tidings first were told,
That told of hope for lost mankind.
God gives His Son; no more He can:
Glory to God, and grace to man!

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And well to shepherds first 't is known,
The Lord of angels comes from high,
In humblest aspect like their own,
Good Shepherd, for His sheep to die.
O height and depth, which who shall span?
Glory to God, and grace to man!

Fain with those meek, those happy swains.
Lord, I would hear that angel choir;
Till, ravished by celestial strains,
My heart responds with holy fire,
(That holy fire Thy breath must fan,)
Glory to God, and grace to man!

THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS COMES ONCE MORE.

Translated from the Danish, by Dr. Chs. P. Krauth, Phila. 1867.

THE happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly Guest is at the door:
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings: Peace, good-will!

To David's city let us fly,
Where angels sing beneath the sky;
Through plain and village pressing near,
And news from God with shepherds hear.

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Oh! let us go with quiet mind,
The gentle Babe with shepherds find,
To gaze on Him who gladdens them,
The loveliest Flower of Jesse's stem.

The lowly Saviour meekly lies,
Laid off the splendor of the skies;
No crown bedecks his forehead fair,
No pearl nor gem nor silk is there.

No human glory, might, and gold,
The lovely Infant's form enfold;
The manger and the swaddlings poor
Are His whom angels' songs adore.

O wake our hearts, in gladness sing!
And keep our Christmas with our King,
Till living song, from loving souls,
Like sound of mighty waters rolls.

O holy Child! Thy manger streams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
Till midnight noon's broad light has won,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.

Thou Patriarchs' joy, Thou Prophets' song,
Thou heavenly Day-spring, looked for long,
Thou Son of Man, Incarnate Word,
Great David's Son, great David's Lord!

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Come, Jesus, glorious, heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast!
Then David's harp-strings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.

CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL.

W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D. A Christmas Carol, made for the boys of St. Paul's College.

CAROL, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully;
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily;
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men.
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas times again.

Carol ye with gladness,
Not in songs of earth;
On the Saviour's birthday,
Hallowed be our mirth.
While a thousand blessings
Fill our hearts with glee,
Christmas-day we'll keep, the
Feast of Charity!

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At the joyous table,
Think of those who've none, —
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone.
Bountiful your offerings,
To the altar bring;
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.

Listening angel-music,
Discord sure must cease;
Who dare hate his brother,
On this day of peace?
While the heavens are telling
To mankind good-will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.

Let our hearts, responding
To the seraph band,
Wish this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land!
Word and deed and prayer
Speed the grateful sound,
Bidding merry Christmas
All the world around.

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COME, YE LOFTY! COME, YE LOWLY!

By Archer Gurney. [1852.]

COME, ye lofty! come, ye lowly!
Let your songs of gladness ring!
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King:
See, in Mary's arms reposing,
Christ by highest heaven adored:
Come! your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

Come, ye poor! no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen round about behold them,
Rafters naked, cold, and bare:
See! the shepherds! God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

Come, ye children, blithe and merry!
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:

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Come, ye gentle hearts and tender!
Come, ye spirits keen and bold!
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

High above a star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining!
For you all has risen the Star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise:
Come, ye people! come, ye nations!
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born:
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas-blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

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JOY AND GLADNESS.

By GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.; born at New York, 1805; died at Florence, 1862. From *Lays of Love and Faith*, Philad. 1847.

JOY and gladness! joy and gladness!
O happy day!
Every thought of sin and sadness
Chase, chase away.
Heard ye not the angels telling,
Christ the Lord of might excelling,
On the earth with man is dwelling,
Clad in our clay?

With the shepherd throng around Him
Haste we to bow:
By the angels' sign they found Him,
We know Him now;
New-born Babe of houseless stranger,
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Saviour from our sin and danger,
Jesus, 'tis Thou!

God of Life, in mortal weakness,
Hail, Virgin-born!
Infinite in lowly meekness,
Thou wilt not scorn;

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Though all heaven is singing o'er Thee,
And gray wisdom bows before Thee,
When our youthful hearts adore Thee,
This holy morn.

Son of Mary, (blessed mother!)
Thy love we claim;
Son of God, our elder brother,
(O gentle name!)
To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim divine;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother, were Thine:
By Thy fight with strong temptation,
By Thy cup of tribulation,
O Thou God of our salvation,
With mercy shine!

In Thy holy footsteps treading,
Guide, lest we stray;
From Thy word of promise shedding
Light on our way;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

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IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS; born in 1810, in Berkshire Co., Massachusetts; author of *Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality*, and other works. 1850. Died 1876.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

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And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow, —
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

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LO, GOD, OUR GOD, HAS COME!

By Dr. Horatius Bonar. From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1866.

Fœno jacere pertulit,
Præsepe non abhorruit,
Parvoque lacte pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.
Old Hymn.

LO, God, our God, has come!
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Bless, bless the blessed morn,
O happy, lowly, lofty birth,
Now God, our God, has come to earth!

Rejoice! our God has come
In love and lowliness:
The Son of God has come,
The sons of men to bless.
God with us now descends to dwell,
God in our flesh, Immanuel.

Praise ye the Word made flesh!
True God, true man is He.
Praise ye the Christ of God!
To Him all glory be.
Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain,
Praise ye the King that comes to reign!

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IN BETHLEHEM, THE LORD OF GLORY.

(*Er ist in Bethlehem geboren.*)

"Bethlehem and Golgotha." A lyric of rare beauty, by FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT, one of the greatest and purest of German poets (died 1866). Admirably translated by the Rev. THOMAS C. PORTER, Professor of Natural Sciences, Easton, Pa. Contributed.

IN Bethlehem, the Lord of glory,
Who brought us life, first drew His breath;
On Golgotha, — oh, bloody story! —
By dying broke the power of death.
From Western shores, all danger scorning,
I travelled through the lands of morning;
And greater spots I nowhere saw,
Than Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Where are the seven works of wonder
The ancient world beheld with pride?
They all have fallen, sinking under
The splendor of the Crucified!
I saw them, as I wandered spying,
Amid their ruins crumbled, lying;
None stand in quiet gloria
Like Bethlehem and Golgotha.

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Away, ye pyramids, whose bases
  Lie shrouded in Egyptian gloom!
Eternal graves! no resting places,
  Where hope immortal gilds the tomb.
Ye sphinxes, vain was your endeavor
To solve life's riddle, dark for ever,
  Until the answer came with awe
  From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Fair paradise, where ever blowing
  The roses of Shiraz expand!
Ye stately palms of India, growing
  Along her scented ocean-strand!
I see, amid your loveliest bowers,
Death stalking in the sunniest hours.
  Look up! To you life comes from Jah,
  From Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Thou Caaba, half the world, benighted,
  Is stumbling o'er thee, as of old;
Now, by thy crescent faintly lighted,
  The coming day of doom behold:
The moon before the sun decreases,
A sign shall shiver thee to pieces;
  The Hero's sign! "Victoria!"
  Shout Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O Thou who, in a manger lying,
  Wert willing to be born a child,
And on the cross, in anguish dying,
  The world to God hast reconciled!

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To pride, how mean Thy lowly manger!
How infamous Thy cross! yet stranger!
Humility became the law
At Bethlehem and Golgotha.

Proud kings, to worship One descended
From humble shepherds, thither came;
And nations to the cross have wended,
As pilgrims, to adore His name.
By war's fierce tempest rudely battered,
The world, but not the cross, was shattered,
When East and West it struggling saw
Round Bethlehem and Golgotha.

O let us not with mailèd legions,
But with the spirit take the field,
To win again those holy regions,
As Christ compelled the world to yield!
Let rays of light, on all sides streaming,
Dart onward, like apostles gleaming,
Till all mankind their light shall draw
From Bethlehem and Golgotha!

With staff and hat, the scallop wearing,
From the far East I journeyed through.
At home again, a pilgrim bearing
This message, I have come to you:
Go not with hat and staff to wander
Beside God's grave and cradle yonder;
Look inward, and behold with awe
His Bethlehem and Golgotha.

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O heart! what profits all thy kneeling,
Where once He laid His infant head,
To view with an enraptured feeling
His grave, long empty of its dead?
To have Him born in thee with power,
To die to earth and sin each hour,
And live to Him, — this only, ah!
Is Bethlehem and Golgotha.

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THE INFANT SAVIOUR WITH THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

"HAIL, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." — LUKE i. 28.

"Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." — LUKE ii. 19.

"OF wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born."
JOHN MILTON

"SAY of me as the angel said, — 'Thou art
The blessedest of women!' — blessedest,
Not holiest, not noblest, — no high name,
Whose height, misplaced, may pierce me like a shame,
When I sit meek in heaven!"
MRS. BROWNING.

STABAT Mater speciosa
Juxta fœnum gaudiosa,
Dum jacebat parvulus —
Cujus animam gaudentem,
Lætabundam ac ferventem,
Pertransivit jubilus.

O quam læta et beata
Fuit hæc immaculata
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ gaudebat et ridebat,
Exultabat, cum videbat
Nati partum inclyti!

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS. 1306.

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THE INFANT SAVIOUR WITH THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

THE GOD WHOM EARTH AND SEA.

(*Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*)

Old Latin hymn. DANIEL, Tome I. p. 172 (two forms); translated in *The Words of the Hymnal Noted*, No. 88, and, with some changes, in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 249. Abridged.

THE God whom earth and sea and sky
Adore and laud and magnify,
Whose might they own, whose praise they swell,
In Mary's womb vouchsafed to dwell.

The Lord whom sun and moon obey,
Whom all things serve from day to day,
Was by the Holy Ghost conceived,
Of her who, through His grace, believed.

How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
The world's Creator, Lord divine,
Whose hand contains the earth and sky,
Once deigned, as in His ark, to lie!

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Blest in the message Gabriel brought,
Blest by the work the Spirit wrought,
From whom the great Desire of earth
Took human flesh and human birth.

O Lord, the Virgin-born, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be!
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

WHEN, WITHIN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS.

(*Parvum quando cerno Deum.*)

By an anonymous author of the 14th–16th century. See DANIEL, II. p. 342 Translated by the Rev. Dr. E. A. WASHBURN, New York, May, 1868. Contributed.

WHEN within His mother's arms
I the infant God behold,
All my heart the vision warms
With a blessedness untold.

Leaps He, mother! leaps the Boy,
Gazing at thy holy breast!
Kisses with a smile of joy,
Thousand kisses, fondly pressed!

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As upon the stainless skies
Peaceful hangs the new-born sun,
So upon thy bosom lies,
Mother pure, thy Holy One.

Ah! how lovely that repose!
Mother with the Infant fair,
Twined as with the tender rose
Violet and lily are.

Many a silent clasp of bliss,
Many a look of smiling love,
As the flowers the meadows kiss,
As the starry eyes above.

Oh! if one such loving dart,
Falling on that mother mild,
May but fall upon my heart,
Infant Jesu, Holy Child![1]

---

[1] "O! ut una ex sagittis,
Dulcis O puerule!
Quas in matris pectus mittis,
Cadat in me, Jesule!"

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SLEEP, HOLY BABE.

EDWARD CASWALL.

"But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest."
MILTON.

SLEEP, Holy Babe,
Upon Thy mother's breast;
Great LORD of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Holy Babe:
Thine angels watch around,
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe,
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.

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Sleep, Holy Babe;
Ah! take Thy brief repose:
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

Then must those hands
Which now so fair I see,
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me.

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live.

THOU STAND'ST BETWEEN THE EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale, Brooklyn, N.Y. Written after viewing Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto in the Royal Gallery of Dresden, Aug. 1867.

THOU stand'st between the earth and heaven,
Sweet Mary, with thy boy;
And on thy young and lovely face
Lingers surprise and joy.

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The angel's words are sounding yet
In thy attentive ear;
Thou hold'st thy child most tenderly,
And yet with awe and fear.

Almost a frightened look thou hast,
As if within thy thought
The glory of thy motherhood
An anxious burden brought.

Thou dar'st not clasp the Holy Child
With freedom to thy breast;
And yet, because He is thine own,
Thou look'st supremely blest.

God gave the Boy into thine arms,
And thou His mother art,
And yet the words the angel spoke
Are lingering in thy heart.

Thou canst not call Him quite thine own;
And when, upon thy knee,
He sleeps as other infants sleep,
Thou dost a glory see,

Which fills thee with a kind of awe,
And makes thee tremble so,
That thou dost lay thy Baby down,
And, bending very low,

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Dost ask the Father why He sent
A Babe divine to thee.
And, pouring out thy troubled heart,
Dost seek His sympathy.

O Mary! loved of God and man,
Let all thy fears depart:
For God will send His Spirit down,
To guide thy anxious heart;

And thou shalt rear the Blessed Child,
Cheered by His smile divine;
And, in thy sweet and humble home,
Shall God's veiled glory shine.

But, oh! I dread for thee the hour
When thou shalt stand alone
Beneath the cross where God's dear Son
Shall for man's sin atone.

A sword shall enter then thine heart,
And leave such bitter pain,
That thou wilt kneel in agony,
Inquiring once again,

Why God should crush thee with a grief
No other heart could share?
And why, in utter loneliness,
Thou must the anguish bear?

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And, oh! I see another day
When thou shalt wondering stand,
Amidst a throng who welcome thee,
In heaven, the blessed land!

And then the Lord, who lived on earth
Clothed in humility,
Shall sit upon His Father's throne
In radiant majesty.

The angels then shall lead thy feet
Across the crystal sea;
And thou shalt reach the Blessed One
Who lived and died for thee.

Thy grateful praise shall swell the song
Which rises toward the throne;
For then the mysteries of earth
Shall all be fully known.

Sweet Mary, when the gate of life
Death's hand unlocks for me,
I shall discern thy lovely face,
By its humility.

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HAIL, INFANT MARTYRS!

(*Salvete, flores martyrum!*)

The Infant Martyrs of Bethlehem. From a famous hymn of PRUDENTIUS of Spain (b. 348), which is used in the Latin Church on Innocents' Day, — the second day after Christmas. Christ was born on earth, that we might be born in heaven. The ancient Church called the death of the martyrs their heavenly birthday. The translation is from CHANDLER'S *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837. See the Latin in DANIEL, I. 124, and in TRENCH, p. 121. Other English translations by J. M. NEALE ("All hail, ye infant martyr-flowers!"), and by CASWALL ("Lovely flowers of martyrs, hail!") The VENERABLE BEDE (d. 735) wrote also a hymn for the Holy Innocents, commencing, "Hymnum canentes Martyrum" (repeating the first line in the last of every stanza); and JOHN KEBLE, in his *Christian Year* ("Say, ye celestial guards who wait"), which is far superior in poetic merit to that of Bede.

HAIL, infant martyrs! new-born victims, hail!
Hail, earliest flowerets of the Christian spring!
O'er whom, like rosebuds scattered by the gale,
The cruel sword such havoc dared to fling.

The Lord's first votive offerings of blood,
First tender lambs upon the altar laid,
Around in fearless innocence they stood,
And sported gayly with the murderous blade.

Oh! what availed thee, Herod, this thy guilt,
This load of crime that on thy conscience lies?
The Lord alone, whose blood thou wouldst have spilt,
Now mocks thy malice, and thy power defies.

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Yes! He alone survived, when all the ground
Drank the red torrents of that carnage wild:
Though many a childless mother wailed around,
The hand of murder spared the Virgin's Child!

O Jesu, Virgin-born! all praise to Thee,
And to the Father and the Holy Ghost;
One God eternal, ever honored be,
By saints on earth, and by the heavenly host.

THE MATER DOLOROSA.

From Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe's "Mary at the Cross." *Religious Poems*, Boston, 1867, pp. 22–27. I have selected the first and the last stanza of this beautiful poem, which may be called a worthy Protestant pendant of the *Stabat Mater*.

O WONDROUS mother! since the dawn of time
Was ever love, was ever grief, like thine?
O highly favored in thy joy's deep flow,
And favored, even in this, thy bitterest woe!

. . . . . .

By sufferings mighty as His mighty soul
Hath the Redeemer risen for ever blest;
And through all ages must His heart-beloved
Through the same baptism enter the same rest.

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THE EPIPHANY.

"The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising. — Isa. lx. 3.

"When they were come into the house, they saw the young Child, with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him: and, when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh." — Matt. ii. 11.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who, by the light of a glorious star, didst make known Thine only-begotten Son to the wise men coming from afar to worship Him: mercifully grant, that all nations may come to the light of the gospel, and that we, who know Thee now by faith, may be conducted to the full vision of Thy glory in heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

"O Jesu, mi dulcissime,
Spes suspirantis animæ,
Te quærunt piæ lacrymæ,
Te clamor mentis intimæ.

Tu cordis delectatio,
Amoris consummatio,
Tu mea gloriatio,
Jesu mundi salvatio."

From St. Bernard.

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LORD, make us with keen eye to heed
All lights by which Thou wouldst us lead;
Help us to toil o'er plain and hill,
In glad obedience to Thy will;
To see by faith, and humbly fall,
And give to Thee, who givest all."

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH

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THE EPIPHANY.

A STAR SHINES FORTH IN HEAVEN SUDDENLY.

From the Syriac of EPHRÆM SYRUS, a monk and deacon in Mesopotamia, the father of Syrian psalmody (died 378). The original, with a German translation by ZINGERLE, in DANIEL'S *Thes. Hymnol.*, III. p. 149–151.

A STAR shines forth in heaven suddenly,
A wondrous orb, less than the sun, yet greater, —
Less in its outward light, but greater in
Its inward glory, pointing to a mystery.
That morning star sent forth its beams afar
Into the land of those who had no light;
Led them as blind men, by a way they knew not,
Until they came and saw the Light of men.
Offered their gifts, received eternal life,
Worshipped, and went their way.
Thus had the Son two heralds, one on high,
And one below. Above, the star rejoiced;
Below, the Baptist bore Him record:

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Two heralds thus, one heavenly, one of earth;
That witnessing the nature of the Son,
The majesty of God, and this His human nature.
O mighty wonder! thus were they the heralds,
Both of His Godhead and His manhood.
Who held Him only for a son of earth,
To such the star proclaimed His heavenly glory;
Who held Him only for a heavenly spirit,
To such the Baptist spoke of Him as man.
And in the holy temple Simeon held the Babe
Fast in his aged arms, and sang to Him —

"To me, in Thy mercy,
An old man, Thou art come;
Thou layest my body
In peace in the tomb.
Thou soon wilt awake me,
And bid me arise;
Wilt lead me transfigured
To paradise."

Then Anna took the Babe upon her arms,
And pressed her mouth upon His infant lips;
Then came the Holy Spirit on her lips,
As erst upon Isaiah's, when the coal
Had touched his silent lips, and opened them:
With glowing heart she sang —

"O Son of the King!
Though Thy birthplace was mean,

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All-hearing, yet silent,
All-seeing, unseen,
Unknown, yet all-knowing,
God, and yet Son of Man,
Praise to Thy name!"

BETHLEHEM! OF NOBLEST CITIES.

(*O sola magnarum urbium.*)

AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS (born 348). From the Latin, by E. CASWALL (*Lyra Catholica*). The text of the Roman Breviary, in DANIEL, I. p. 127, and in the separate editions of the poems of Prudentius. This translation is altered, but not improved, in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 59: "Earth has many a noble city."

BETHLEHEM! of noblest cities,
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided,
See, the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,—
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

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Offerings of mystic meaning!—
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold a royal child proclaimeth;
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu! in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid!

WHAT STAR IS THIS WITH BEAMS SO BRIGHT?

(*Quæ stella sole pulchrior?*)

By C. COFFIN, included in the *Paris Breviary*, 1736. Translated from the Latin, by Rev. J. CHANDLER, *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, London, 1837.

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
Which shame the sun's less radiant light?
It shines to announce a new-born King,—
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,—
"From Jacob shall a Star proceed:"
And lo! the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

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While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay,
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,
They leave at once, at God's high call.

O Jesu, while the star of grace
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well!

To God the Father, God the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise!

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O CHRIST, OUR TRUE AND ONLY LIGHT!

(O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.)

From the German of JOHANN HEERMANN, 1653, by Miss C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.* II. 43).

O CHRIST, our true and only light!
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze,
And all in whom their secret mind
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

And all who else have strayed from Thee,
Oh, gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.

O make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

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Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers from Thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

So they, with us, may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore;
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

THEY GAVE TO THEE.

By Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR (died 1667). 1690.

THEY gave to Thee
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold;
But, Lord, with what shall we
Present ourselves before Thy majesty,
Whom Thou redeemedst when we were sold?
We've nothing but ourselves, and scarce that neither;
Vile dirt and clay;
Yet it is soft, and may
Impression take.
Accept it, Lord, and say, this Thou hadst rather:
Stamp it, and on this sordid metal make
Thy holy image, and it shall outshine
The beauty of the golden mine.

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ALL YE GENTILE LANDS, AWAKE!

(*Werde Licht, du Volk der Heiden.*)

By Johann Rist, 1655. *Lyra Germ.*, I. 30. Abridged.

ALL ye Gentile lands, awake!
Thou, O Salem, rise and shine!
See the Dayspring o'er you break,
Heralding a morn divine,
Telling, God hath called to mind
Those who long in darkness pined.

Lo, the shadows flee away!
For our Light is come at length,
Brighter than all earthly day,
Source of being, life, and strength!
Whoso on this Light would gaze
Must forsake all evil ways.

Ah! how blindly did we stray,
Ere shone forth this glorious Sun,
Seeking each his separate way,
Leaving Heaven unsought, unwon!
All our looks were earthwards bent,
All our strength on earth was spent.

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But the glory of the Lord
Hath arisen on us to-day!
We have seen the light outpoured
That must surely drive away
All things that to night belong,
All the sad earth's woe and wrong.

Thy arising, Lord, shall fill
All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
Thy arising, Lord, shall still
All my dread of Death's dark power:
Through my smiles and through my tears
Still Thy light, O Lord! appears.

Let me, Lord, in peace depart
From this evil world to Thee;
Where Thyself sole Brightness art,
Thou hast kept a place for me:
In the radiant city there,
Crowns of light Thy saints shall wear.

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THE WONDERING SAGES TRACE FROM FAR.

(*Im Abend blinkt der Morgenstern.*)

From the German of Ernst Lange (1650–1727). By Frances Elizabeth Cox, *Sacred Hymns from the German*, Lond. 1841.

THE wondering sages trace from far,
Bright in the west, the morning star;
A light illumes the western skies,
Seen never in the east to rise.

Eternity produced its blaze,
Time's fulness hails its nearer rays;
Its brightness chases night away,
And kindles darkness into day.

O Jesu! brightest Morning Star!
Shed forth Thy beams both near and far,
That all, in these our later days,
May know Thee, and proclaim Thy praise.

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SONS OF MEN, BEHOLD FROM FAR!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

SONS of men, behold from far!
Hail the long-expected Star!
Jacob's Star that gilds the night
Guides bewildered nature right.

Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below:
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Mild He shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste! for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

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Here behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes:
God in His own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life to employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.; b. 1783, at Malpas, Cheshire; Bishop of Calcutta; d. 1826.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

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Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
  Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
  Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
  Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
  Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
  Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
  Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

CHRIST, WHOSE FIRST APPEARANCE LIGHTED.

(*Der Du in der Nacht des Todes.*)

"The Appearance of Christ" (*Die Erscheinung Christi*), by C. J. PHILIPP SPITTA (1801–1859). From the First Series of his *Psaltery and Harp*, which, since 1833, has passed through more than fifty editions, and has given the author a place among the sweetest hymnists of Germany Translated by RICHARD MASSIE (*Lyra Domestica*, Lond. 1860).

CHRIST, whose first appearance lighted
  Gloomy Death's obscure domain,
Long in Herod's courts benighted
  Sought I Thee, but sought in vain:

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All was glitter, pomp and pleasure,
Sensuality and pride;
But my heart found not its treasure,
And remained unsatisfied.

Then to learned scribes and sages
Seeking Christ I wandered on;
But upon their barren pages
Jacob's Star had never shone:
True, indeed, like men in prison
Groping for the light of day,
Spake they of the Light new-risen,
But themselves saw not one ray.

To the temple I was guided
By the altar-fire and lights;
But, though all else was provided,
Christ was absent from the rites.
Then, more precious time I wasted
In thy streets, Jerusalem;
But I sought in vain, and hasted
On my way to Bethlehem.

In the streets I wandered slowly,
Looking for some trusty guide;
All was dark and melancholy,
None I met with, far and wide.
On a sudden I perceivèd
O'er my head a star to shine;

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Lo, because I had believèd,
And had sought Him, Christ was mine!

Only seek and you will find Him:
Never cease to seek the Lord;
And should He delay, remind Him
Boldly of His plighted word.
Follow Him, and He will lead you;
Trust Him in the darkest night;
Jacob's Star will still precede you,
Jacob's Star will give you light.

O THOU! WHO BY A STAR DIDST GUIDE.

By Dr. JOHN MASON NEALE (died 1866).

O THOU! who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;

Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

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As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

O Saviour! give us, then, Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX (born at Bristol, 1837; educated to mercantile pursuits; residing at Glasgow). Contributed to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. 1860, No. 64.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

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As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King!

Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,—
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

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THE WISE MEN TO THY CRADLE-THRONE.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander. Contributed to Bayne's *Lyra Anglicana*. 1862.

THE wise men to Thy cradle-throne,
O Infant Saviour! brought, of old,
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern Star,
Thine own baptizèd Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand!

Till we have brought the fine gold rare,
Of zeal that giveth all for love;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above;

Till bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err;
Worship and love and sorrow met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for Thee, our own Adored,
Our suffering Saviour, God, and King;
Accept the gold and incense, Lord:
Accept the myrrh, we bring.

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WE COME NOT WITH A COSTLY STORE.

By the Rev. WILLIAM CROSSWELL, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, born at Hudson, New York, 1804, died in Boston, 1851.

WE come not with a costly store,
O Lord! like them of old,
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of gold;
No weepings of the incense-tree
Are with the gifts we bring;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified:
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

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HAIL, KINGLY JESUS!

By the Rev. Dr. A. R. THOMPSON, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church (successor of the late Dr. Bethune), New York. Written on Christmas, 1864. Contributed.

HAIL, kingly Jesus! to Thy feet
Our hearts their tribute bring;
Not sparkling gold, not odors sweet,
But love, our offering.

Such treasures to Thy manger-bed
The ancient Magi brought,
When, by the star resplendent led,
Judæa's King they sought.

But hearts of humble poverty
Are fairer in Thine eyes,
And penitence is more to Thee
Than costly sacrifice.

When Thou wert sitting once at meat,
And kneeling humbly there,
With tears a sinner bathed Thy feet.
And wiped them with her hair;

As over them she poured perfume
Amid her tears like rain,
Till the sweet oder filled the room,
Thou didst not her disdain.

And wilt Thou, Master, from our hymn
Turn scornfully Thine ear?
Nay: 'mid the songs of seraphim
Our worship Thou wilt hear.

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CHRIST'S LIFE AND EXAMPLE

"He hath done all things well." — MARK vii. 37.
"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." — JOHN xiv. 6.
"Follow Me." — MATT. iv. 19.

O BLESSED JESUS! who wast tempted, as we are tempted, yet without sin, and who, by Thy perfect obedience to the will of Thy Heavenly Father, didst fulfil all righteousness, and leave us an example: assist us, we beseech Thee, in our infirmity; and enable us, by Thy Spirit, so to follow Thy steps, that we may daily grow in grace, and be transformed more and more into Thy glorious image, to the praise of Thy holy name. Amen.

"THOU seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."
ALFRED TENNYSON.

"JESUS, divinest when Thou most art man!"

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CHRIST'S LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

HOLY JESUS, FOUNT OF LIGHT!

(*Heiligster Jesu, Heil'gungsquelle.*)

The first two stanzas are freely reproduced, in the metre of the original, from a German hymn of BARTHOLOMÄUS CRASSELIUS (died 1724); the third is added by the Ed. The German poem has nine stanzas (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 103), and is a translation from the Dutch of JODOCUS VON LODENSTEIN, 1655. A close, but not very smooth, version, by Dr. HENRY MILLS, in *Hora Germanica* ("Most Holy Jesus, Fount unfailing, Of joy all other joys excelling"), who erroneously attributes the original to Gottfried Arnold.

HOLY Jesus, Fount of light!
As crystal clear, for ever bright,
Thou Stream o'erflowing, pure and free;
The brightness of the cherubim,
The glow of burning seraphim,
Are darkness when compared with Thee.
Be Thou my pattern bright,
My study and delight,
My all in all.
Oh, teach Thou me, that I may be
All pure and holy, like to Thee!

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Humble Jesus! self-denying,
And with Thy Father's will complying,
Yea, even unto death resigned;
Let me, Thy humble path pursuing,
And pride and haughtiness subduing,
Be guided by Thy gentle mind.
May I be ever mild
And humble as a child,
And docile too!
Oh, teach Thou me, that I may be
Meek and obedient, like Thee!

Loving Jesus! dearest treasure,
Whose love to man no man can measure,
Conform me to Thine image bright;
Thy Spirit and Thy strength bestowing,
That I, in every virtue growing,
May reach in Thee perfection's height.
Lord, give me from above
A heart all filled with love
To God and man;
Oh, teach Thou me to die for Thee,
That I may live and reign with Thee!

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COME, MY WAY, MY TRUTH, MY LIFE.

"The Call." Comp. John xiv. 6. By GEORGE HERBERT: b. at Montgomery Castle, Wales, 1593; d. 1632. Rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury; remarkable for the beautiful harmony of purity and poetry, goodness and happiness, in his secluded pastoral life; generally known as "holy George Herbert." As a poet, he is quaint, but pregnant with pious thought, and belongs to the same school as Quarles, Donne, Herrick, and Crashaw, of the age of Charles I.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way as gives us breath;
Such a Truth as ends all strife;
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light as shows a feast;
Such a Feast as mends in length;
Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy as none can move;
Such a Love as none can part;
Such a Heart as joys in love.

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EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.

(Keine Schönheit hat die Welt.)

From the German of ANGELUS SILESIUS (JOHANN ANGELUS SCHEFFLER), b. at Breslau, Silesia, 1624; d. 1677; author of 205 hymns and poetic proverbs, most of which were composed before he joined the Roman-Catholic Church. Several of his hymns are among the deepest and most tender in the German language, and breathe a glowing love to the Saviour. Of the following poem, we have two excellent English translations, — one by CATHERINE WINKWORTH ("Nothing fair on earth I see, But I straightway think of Thee"), and one by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX (Lond 1841). The latter is more literal, and is here given.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesu's light,
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

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When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,
What must their Creator be!

If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the brooklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to Jesus mount,
As the best and purest fount.

Sweetly sings the nightingale,
Sweet the flute's soft, plaintive tale;
Sweeter than the richest tone
Is the name of Mary's Son.[1]

Sweetness fills the air around,
At the echo's answering sound;
But more sweet than echo's fall,
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

---

[1] This stanza I have borrowed from Miss Winkworth's translation. Miss Cox renders it, less happily, —

"Sweet the s[illegible]he night-bird sings,
Sweet the[illegible] with quivering strings;
Far more sweet than every tone
Are the words 'Maria's Son.'"

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Let Thy Deity profound
Me in heart and soul surround;
From my mind its idols chase,
Weaned from joys of time and place.

Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell;
Thus to me the power impart,
To behold Thee as Thou art.

MY DEAR REDEEMER, AND MY LORD.

By Isaac Watts, 1674-1748. From his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1709.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

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Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

JESUS, STILL LEAD ON.

(*Jesu, geh voran.*)

Count Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1721. (Schaff's *G. H. B.*, No. 106.) Translation from the *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, Edinb. 1853.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless:
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland!

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go!

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:

Digitized by Google

Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won!
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

OH FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

OH for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne!
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

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A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

My heart, Thou knowest, can never rest
Till Thou create my peace;
Till, of my Eden repossest,
From every sin I cease.

Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown;
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

EVER WOULD I FAIN BE READING.

(*Immer muss ich wieder lesen.*)

From the German of LOUISE HENSEL (born 1798, died 1876), by Miss C. WINKWORTH

EVER would I fain be reading,
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

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How when children came He blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and pressed them
To His heart with words of love.

How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and His own.

How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,
And was bidden to depart,
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.

How the flock He gently leadeth
Whom His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.

Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe.

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JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. Born at Kelso, 1793; died at Nice, 1847.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not like them, untrue.
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn and pain:
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.

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I have called Thee Abba, Father,
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

Take, my soul, thy full salvation!
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, should'st thou repine?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

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THOU ART THE WAY; TO THEE ALONE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, Bishop of the Prot. Epis. Diocese of New Jersey, died at Burlington, N.J., 1859. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—*John* xiv. 6.

THOU art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

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BEHOLD, WHERE, IN A MORTAL FORM.

WILLIAM ENFIELD, born at Sudbury, England, 1741, died at Norwich, 1797. Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Warrington, and then of the Octagon Chapel, Norwich. He held Arian views. He published several collections of hymns and other works. This hymn appeared first in 1795, in his *Selection of Hymns for Social Worship*.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.

In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

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Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

HOW BEAUTEOUS WERE THE MARKS DIVINE!

A. C. Coxe (born at Mendham, N.J., 1818), Bishop of Western New York, author of *Christian Ballads* (New York, 1840), and other poems. Written 1838.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

Oh! who like Thee so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, Thou Light of Light?
Oh! who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

Oh! who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

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Even death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed

Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

THINE HANDMAID, SAVIOUR! CAN IT BE?

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG, D.D., founder of St. Luke's Hospital, New York. Written, on the words "Come, follow me," for the reception of a "Sister" at St. Luke's Hospital, 1859.

THINE Handmaid, Saviour! can it be?
Such honor dost Thou put on me?
To wait on Thee, do Thy commands,
The works once hallowed by Thy hands?

Daily Thy mercy paths to go,
Bearing Thy balm for every woe;
Thy sick and weary ones to cheer,
Bid them Thy words of pity hear;

Parting with earth Thy cross to bear,
Content Thy poverty to share,
Rich in Thy Love, — Thou blessed Lord,
This life to me dost Thou accord?

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Oh, marvellous grace, — yea, even so!
The call I heard, — 'twas Thine I know, —
"Come follow me;" the heavenly voice,
How could it but constrain my choice!

My heart's free choice, yet bound by Thee;
Thrice welcome, sweet captivity,
My soul and all its powers to fill
With love of Thee and Thy dear will!

Lord, give but light to show the way,
Strength from Thyself to be my stay,
Grace, always, — grace to feel Thee nigh, —
Thine Handmaid then, I live and die.

THOU LORD OF ALL, ON EARTH HAST DWELT.

By Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, LL.D., a learned and devout biblical scholar, editor of a Greek Testament from the oldest manuscripts; born at Wodehouse Place, near Falmouth, 1813; a member of the Plymouth Community, died 1875.

THOU Lord of all, on earth hast dwelt,
Rejected and unknown;
What bitter grief Thy heart hath felt,
Endured by Thee alone!

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But, oh! how full of truth and grace
Through all Thou dost appear!
And thus with wonder we retrace
Thy path of sorrow here.

Thou on the cross didst suffer, too,
More than man's eye could see;
For then the wrath that was our due,
Was poured, O Lord, on Thee!

But Thou art risen; and now we know
That Thou, in heaven above,
For all God's children here below,
Dost feel a brother's love.

Oh, may we ever look to Thee
For needed grace and strength,
Till we Thy face in glory see,
And reign with Thee at length!

Till then may we, who bear Thy name,
Thy blest example take,
And count the world's reproach and shame
As glory, for Thy sake.

Since Thou the cup of wrath didst drain,
None now for us is there;
The drops of sorrow that remain,
Shall we refuse to share?

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TRUSTINGLY, TRUSTINGLY.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1866: "My Pilgrimage."

TRUSTINGLY, trustingly,
Jesus, to Thee
Come I: Lord, lovingly
Come Thou to me!
Then shall I lovingly,
Then shall I joyfully,
Walk here with Thee.

Peacefully, peacefully,
Walk I with Thee;
Jesus, my Lord, Thou art
All, all to me.
Peace Thou hast left us,
Thy peace hast given us;
So let it be.

Whom but Thyself, O Lord!
Have I above?
What have I left on earth?
Only Thy love!
Come then, O Saviour! come:
Come then, O Spirit! come
Heavenly Dove.

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Happily, happily,
Pass I along,
Eager to work for Thee,
Earnest and strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too;
Life is for song.

Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go,
Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us;
Joys overflow.

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THE PASSION.

"SURELY He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." — ISA. liii. 4, 5.

"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." — 1 PET. iii. 18.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, — to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." — REV. i. 5, 6.

"O LORD, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ! O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sin of the world! have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sin of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us, and grant us Thy peace." Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ! who, by Thy bitter passion and crucifixion, hast redeemed me from the curse of sin, the power of death, and the woe of damnation: most heartily do I thank Thee for Thine unspeakable love, for every burden Thou didst bear, for every tear Thou didst weep, for every pain Thou didst suffer, for every conflict Thou didst endure, for every drop of blood Thou didst shed, for me, Thine enemy; and I humbly beseech Thee to give me grace, that, being dead unto sin, I may live unto righteousness all the days of my life, and attain, at last, to the glory of the blessed resurrection. Amen.

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THE PASSION.

SING, MY TONGUE, THE SAVIOUR'S BATTLE.

(Pange, lingua, gloriosi prælium certaminis.)

The masterpiece of VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, Bishop of Poitiers, in France, about 600, and one of the finest hymns in the Latin language ("in pulcherrimorum numero recensendum," says Daniel). FORTUNATUS (530–609) was the favorite poet of his age, a friend of St. Gregory of Tours and Queen Rhadegunda, and marks the transition from the ancient to the mediæval hymnology. This passion-hymn, like the one that follows, found a place in the Roman Breviary, with some alterations. DANIEL, I. p. 163–165, gives the original and the altered text; WACKERNAGEL, I. pp. 61, 62, gives two forms, one of 10, the other of 11, stanzas, from old MSS. (TRENCH strangely omits the two best productions of this gifted poet.) The Latin is without rhyme, and in the measure of the trochaic tetrametre, which was first grouped into stanzas by Fortunatus, and which subsequently, with various modifications, became the favorite measure of the mediæval hymn. The translation here given is chiefly from E. CASWALL (*Lyra Catholica*, p. 137), supplemented from that of Dr. J. M. NEALE (*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, p. 1–4). Another version by Mrs. CHARLES, "Spread, my tongue, the wondrous story Of the glorious battle far" (*Christian Life in Song*, p. 133).

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's battle;[1]
Tell His triumphs far and wide;
Tell aloud the wondrous story

[1] Caswall has "the Saviour's glory," following the reading of the Roman Breviary, which substitutes "*lauream* certaminis," for the original "*prælium* certaminis." Thomas Aquinas borrowed from Fortunatus a part of the first line of his famous eucharistic hymn:—

"Pange, lingua, gloriosi *corporis mysterium*."

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Of His body crucified,
How upon the cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

Eating of the Tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second Tree prepare,
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

Such the order God appointed,
When for sin He would atone,
To the serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring,
Whence the fatal wound had come.

So, when now at length the fulness
Of the time foretold drew nigh,
Then the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high,
From a virgin's womb appearing,
Clothed in our mortality.

All within a lowly manger,
Lo, a tender babe He lies!
See His gentle Virgin-mother
Lull to sleep His infant cries!
While the limbs of God Incarnate
Round with swathing bands she ties.

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Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain;
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
He, the Lamb upon the altar
Of the cross, for us was slain.

Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches!
See the thorns upon His brow;
Nails His hands and feet are rending;
See, His side is open now!
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee![1]

---

[1] This and the two following stanzas are strangely omitted by Caswall (in the *Lyra Catholica*, and in another copy before me), and have been supplemented from Neale's version. The eighth stanza is the finest in the poem. In the second recension given by Wackernagel (No. 79), from Munich and other MSS., it opens the hymn. The Latin is a gem of rare beauty, although not free from a taint of superstition: —

"Crux fidelis, inter omnes arbor una nobilis!
Nulla talem silva profert fronde, flore, germine:
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos, dulce pondus sustinens."

In the Roman breviary, "Dulce ferrum, dulce lignum, dulce

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Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory!
Thy relaxing sinews bend;
For a while the ancient rigor,
That thy birth bestowed, suspend;
And the King of heavenly beauty
On thy bosom gently tend.

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to uphold;
For a shipwrecked race preparing
Harbor, like the ark of old:
With the sacred blood anointed,
From the smitten Lamb that rolled.

When, O Judge of this world! coming
In Thy glory all divine,
Thou shalt bid Thy Cross's trophy
Bright above the stars to shine;
Be the Light and the Salvation
Of the people that are Thine![1]

Blessing, honor everlasting,
To the immortal Deity;

---

pondus sustinent." Daniel reads, "dulci clavo;" Wackernagel twice, "dulces clavos." Mrs. CHARLES translates thus:—

"Faithful cross! of all earth's produce only rich and noble tree;
No such flower or leaf or fruitage we in all the world can see:
Sweet to us thy wood and nails, for sweetest weight is hung on thee."

[1] This verse is no part of the original, but is added in some copies, and translated by NEALE.

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To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Equal praises ever be;
Glory through the earth and heaven
To the blessed Trinity!

THE ROYAL BANNERS FORWARD GO.

(*Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*)

From the Latin of VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS (died 609), by J. M. NEALE (*Mediæval Hymns*, p. 6), with slight alterations. The original (in DANIEL, I. p. 160, who gives also the variations of the Roman Breviary, and WACKERNAGEL, I. p. 63) is sung, in the Roman Church, on Good Friday, during the procession in which the consecrated host is carried to the altar. Neale calls it "one of the grandest in the treasury of the Latin Church;" but it does not reach the depth of Bernard's or Gerhardt's passion-hymns. The second stanza is omitted by Neale, as it is also in the Roman Breviary. Another English translation by EDWARD CASWALL: "Forth comes the standard of the King" (in the *Lyra Catholica*); and one by Mrs. CHARLES: "The banner of the King goes forth" (*Christian Life in Song*, p. 131).

THE Royal Banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

There, whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old,

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How God the nation's King should be,
For God is reigning from the Tree.[1]

O Tree of Glory, Tree most fair!
Ordained those Holy Limbs to bear;
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The ransom He alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

With fragrance dropping from each bough
Sweeter than sweetest nectar Thou;
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with triumphal lays.

Hail, Altar! hail, O Victim! Thee
Decks now Thy Passion's victory;

---

[1] Ps. xcvi. 10, which reads, in the old Latin version, "Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord reigneth *from the Tree*." Justin Martyr accuses the Jews, that they have erased the words "a ligno," ἀπὸ ξύλου, which are wanting in the original and in the Septuagint. See the note in DANIEL, I. p. 162. Mrs. CHARLES renders the verse thus:—

"The truth that David learned to sing,
Its deep fulfilment here attains:
'Tell all the earth, the Lord is King!'
Lo, from the cross, a King He reigns!"

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Where life for sinners death endured,
And life, by death, for man procured.[1]

To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

FORTH FLAMES THE STANDARD OF OUR KING.

The "Vexilla Regis," in an abridged translation, by Bishop WILLIAMS, of Connecticut (from RIDER'S *Lyra Americana*, 1865).

FORTH flames the standard of our King,
Bright gleams the mystic sign,
When life bore death of suffering,
And death wrought life divine.

[1] In the Roman Breviary, the last two verses of Fortunatus, which seem to reflect upon the cross itself, the glory of the victory won upon it, are replaced by the following one, which shows the gradual change of the original contemplation of the cross, as the mere instrument of the humiliation and torture of our Lord, into the superstitious worship of the same: —

"O Cross! our only hope, all hail!
This holy Passion-tide, avail
To give fresh merit to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent."

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The stabs of the accursed spear
Brought forth the healing flood,
To cleanse sin's stains so dark and drear,
With water and with blood.

Fulfilled is each prophetic word,
Each faith-inspiring strain,
Telling the nations of that Lord,
Who by the Cross should reign.

Hail, Cross of Christ! man's only hope;
While now we gaze and pray,
Dear Lord, th' exhaustless fountains ope,
And wash our sins away.

HAIL, THOU HEAD! SO BRUISED AND WOUNDED.

(*Salve, Caput cruentatum.*)

St. Bernard, of Clairvaux, the best and greatest man of his age, d. 1153. See Wackernagel, I. p. 124; Daniel, I. p. 232. Translated by Mrs. Charles (*Christian Life in Song*, p. 159). The original, in fifty lines, in five stanzas, addressed to the face of Christ ("Ad faciem Christi in cruce pendentis"), is the best of Bernard's seven passion-hymns, and has been happily reproduced and much improved by Gerhardt in German, by Alexander and others in English.

HAIL, thou Head! so bruised and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded;
Smitten with the mocking reed,
Wounds which may not cease to bleed

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Trickling faint and slow.
Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now;
All the flower of life has fled,
Mortal paleness there instead;
Thou, before whose presence dread
Angels trembling bow.

All Thy vigor and Thy life
Fading in this bitter strife;
Death his stamp on Thee has set,
Hollow and emaciate,
Faint and drooping there.
Thou this agony and scorn
Hast for me, a sinner, borne,
Me, unworthy, all for me!
With those signs of love on Thee,
Glorious Face, appear!

Yet, in this Thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me;
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows.
All unworthy of Thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
Unto me Thy head incline,
Let that dying head of Thine
In mine arms repose!

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Let me true communion know
With Thee in Thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with Thee on Thy Cross:
'Neath it will I die!
Thanks to Thee with every breath,
Jesus, for Thy bitter death;
Grant Thy guilty one this prayer,
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God, be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful hour, I pray,
Jesus, come without delay:
See and set me free!
When Thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul, be near;
With Thy saving Cross appear,
Shew Thyself to me!

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JESUS' HOLY CROSS AND DYING.

(*Recordare sanctæ crucis.*)

From the Latin of JOHN BONAVENTURA, a celebrated scholastic and mystic divine of the Franciscan order, professor of theology in Paris, called the "Seraphic Doctor;" died at Lyons, 1274. This "Laudiamus de S. Cruce" is his best poem. DANIEL, II. pp. 101, 102. (TRENCH omits it, but gives two other passion-hymns of Bonav., pp. 143–147.) The original has fifteen stanzas, the last bearing a strong resemblance to the second last of the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa." Translated by Dr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, of New York (d. 1859). Another English version by Dr. H. HARBAUGH, in the *Mercersburg Review*, 1858, p. 481 ("Make the cross your meditation"); a German version by Rambach in SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 119.

JESUS' holy Cross and dying
O remember! ever eyeing
Endless pleasure's pathway here;
At the Cross thy mindful station
Keep, and still in meditation
All unsated persevere.

When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,
When thou smilest, when thou weepest,
Or in mirth, or woe, hast part;
When thou comest, when thou goest,
Grief or consolation showest, —
Hold the Cross within thy heart.

'Tis the Cross, when comforts languish,
In the heaviest hour of anguish,
Makes the broken spirit whole:

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When the pains are most tormenting,
Sweetly here the heart relenting
Finds the refuge of the soul.

Christ's Cross is the gate of heaven,
Trust to all disciples given,
Who have conquered all their foes;
Christ's Cross is the people's healing,
Heavenly goodness o'er it stealing
In a stream of wonders flows.

'Tis the cure of soul-diseases,
Truth that guides, and light that pleases,
Sweetness in the heart's distress,
Life of souls in heavenly pleasure,
And of raptured saints the treasure,
Ornament and blissfulness.

Jesus' Cross is virtue's mirror,
Guide to safety out of error,
True believers' single rest;
Crown of Pilgrims unto heaven,
Solace to the weary given,
Longed for by the humble breast.

Jesus' Cross, the Tree once scorned,
All with crimson drops adorned,
Laden hangs with rich supplies;
These the souls from death are leading,
Who, with heavenly spirits feeding,
Taste the manna of the skies.

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Crucified! Thy strength supplying,
Let me, till my day of dying,
Gaze upon Thy dying face!
Yea, Thy deepest wounds desiring,
Thee, though on the Cross expiring,
Ever pant I to embrace.

O'ERWHELMED IN DEPTHS OF WOE.

(*Sævo dolorum turbine.*)

From the Latin, by EDWARD CASWALL (*Lyra Catholica*, 1849).

O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn,
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend!
See! down His face, and neck, and breast,
His sacred blood descend.

Hark! with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight;
That cry, — it pierced His Mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

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Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
The veil is rent in two.

The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, the stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

Come! fall before His Cross,
Who shed for us His blood;
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us sons of God.

Jesu, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest!
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

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AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING.

(*Stabat Mater Dolorosa.*)

From the Latin of JACOPÔNE or JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS, a Franciscan monk (d. 1306). The "Stabat Mater," as it is familiarly called, or, better, the "Mater Dolorosa," Mary by the Cross of Calvary (to distinguish it from its recently discovered companion-hymn, the "Mater Speciosa," or Mary by the cradle of Bethlehem). It is the most pathetic, as the "Dies Iræ" is the most sublime, hymn of the middle ages, and occupies the second rank in Latin hymnology. Suggested by the incident related by St. John xix. 25 ("Stabat juxta crucem mater ejus"), and the prophecy of Simeon, Luke ii. 35, it describes, with overpowering effect, the piercing agony of Mary at the cross, and the burning desire to be identified with her, by sympathy, in the intensity of her grief. It furnished the text for some of the noblest musical compositions of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Haydn, and others. Unfortunately, like the "Mater Speciosa," it is disfigured by Mariolatry. The objectionable stanzas, which contain a prayer to Mary, have been here omitted. For the original, in ten stanzas, see WACKERNAGEL, I. 136, 162; MONE, II. 147–154: DANIEL, II. 133. Many German, and several English, translations (by Lord Lindsay, Caswall, Coles, Benedict, &c.). The soft, sad melody of its verse is untranslatable. Comp. LISCO, *Stabat Mater*, Berlin, 1843 (with fifty-three German, and several Dutch, translations); OZANAM, *Les Poëtes Franciscains en Italie au troisième siècle*, Paris, 1852; and my article on the two *Stabat Maters* in SCHAFF'S *Literature and Poetry*, 1890, pp. 187–232. The best *Protestant* companion-hymn of the *Stabat Mater* is MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE'S "O wondrous mother!" but too long for this Collection.

AT the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, her Son and Lord;
For her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that Mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One;

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Deep the woe of her affliction
When she saw the Crucifixion[1]
Of her ever-glorious Son.

Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

For His people's sins chastisèd
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resigned.

. . . . .

Jesu, may such deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind!
That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

---

[1] It is difficult to render the musical quadruplication of the double rhymes in the Latin:—

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
Et tremebat, cum videbat.

"Who stood grieving, sighs upheaving,
Spirit-reaving, bosom-cleaving;"

or (as Dr. COLES has it):—

"Trembling, grieving, bosom-heaving;
While perceiving, scarce believing," &c.

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WHAT LAWS, MY BLESSED SAVIOUR?

(Herzliebster Jesu, was hast Du verbrochen?)

JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630 (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 108). Translated by F. E. COX, 1841. Based upon the seventh Meditation of St. AUGUSTINE (d. 430). Comp. Mark xv. 14, "What evil hath He done?" and Isa. liii. 5, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." Another excellent translation, by C. WINKWORTH, "Alas! dear Lord, what evil hast Thou done?" (*Lyra Germ.*, I. p. 77).

WHAT laws, my blessed Saviour, hast Thou broken,
That so severe a sentence should be spoken?
How hast Thou 'gainst Thy Father's will contended,
In what offended?

With scourges, blows, and spitting, they reviled Thee:
They crowned Thy brow with thorns, while King they styled Thee;
When, faint with pains, Thy tortured body suffered,
Then gall they offered.

Say! wherefore thus by woes wast Thou surrounded?
Ah! Lord, for my transgressions Thou wast wounded.
God took the guilt from me, who should have paid it;
On Thee He laid it.

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How strange and marvellous was this correction!
Falls the good Shepherd in His sheep's protection;
The servants' debt behold the Master paying,
For them obeying.

The righteous dies, who walked with God true-hearted:
The sinner lives, who has from God departed;
By man came death, yet man its fetters breaketh;
God it o'ertaketh.

Shame and iniquity had whelmed me over:
From head to foot no good couldst Thou discover;
For this in hell should I, with deep lamenting,
Be aye repenting.

But oh! the depth of love beyond comparing,
That brought Thee down from heaven, our burden bearing!
I taste all peace and joy that life can offer,
Whilst Thou must suffer!

Eternal King! in power and love excelling,
Fain would my heart and mouth Thy praise be telling;
But how can man's weak powers at all come nigh Thee,
How magnify Thee?

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Such wondrous love would baffle my endeavor
To find its equal, should I strive for ever:
How should my works, could I in all obey Thee,
Ever repay Thee!

Yet this shall please Thee, if devoutly trying
To keep Thy laws, mine own wrong will denying,
I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare it
And from Thee tear it.

But since I have not strength to flee temptation,
To crucify each sinful inclination,
Oh! let Thy Spirit, grace, and strength provide me,
And gently guide me.

Then shall I see Thy grace, and duly prize it,
For Thee renounce the world, for Thee despise it;
Then of my life Thy laws shall be the measure,
Thy will my pleasure.

For Thee, my God, I'll bear all griefs and losses:
No persecution, no disgrace or crosses,
No pains of death or tortures e'er shall move me,
Howe'er they prove me.

This, though at little value Thou dost set it,
Yet Thou, O gracious Lord! wilt not forget it;
E'en this Thou wilt accept with grace and favor,
My blessed Saviour.

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And when, O Christ! before Thy throne so glorious,
Upon my head is placed the crown victorious,
Thy praise I will, while heaven's full choir is ringing,
Be ever singing.

O WORLD! BEHOLD UPON THE TREE.

(*O Welt, sieh hier dein Leben.*)

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT (1653), by C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.*, II p. 52; SCHAFF, No. 113).

O WORLD! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee,
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath;
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Draw near, O world! and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How sore His conflict with the foe:
And hark! how from that noble heart
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start,
From depths of yet unfathomed woe.

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Alas! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus?
For Thou art good, hast wrongèd none,
As we and ours too oft have done:
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us.

I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony.
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

'Tis I to whom these pains belong,
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains;
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,
For she hath well deserved such pains.

Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,
That weighed my spirit to the ground.
Yes: Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee:
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

To save me from the monster's power,
The Death that all things would devour,

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Thyself into his jaws dost leap:
My death Thou takest thus away,
And buriest in Thy grave for aye;
O love most strangely true and deep!

From henceforth there is nought of mine
But I would seek to make it Thine,
Since all myself to Thee I owe.
Whate'er my utmost powers can do,
To Thee to render service true,
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

Ah! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, so base the life I live;
But yet, till soul and body part,
This one thing I will do for Thee,—
The woe, the death endured for me,
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

Thy cross shall be before my sight,
My hope, my joy by day and night,
Whate'er I do, where'er I rove;
And, gazing, I will gather thence
The form of spotless innocence,
The seal of faultless truth and love.

And from Thy sorrows will I learn
How fiercely doth God's anger burn,
How terribly His thunders roll;

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How sorely this our loving God
Can smite with His avenging rod,
    How deep His floods o'erwhelm the soul.

And I will study to adorn
My heart with meekness under scorn,
    With gentle patience in distress;
With faithful love that yearning cleaves
To those o'er whom to death it grieves,
    Whose sins its very soul oppress.

When evil tongues with stinging blame
Would cast dishonor on my name,
    I'll curb the passions that upstart;
And take injustice patiently,
And pardon, as Thou pardon'st me,
    With an ungrudging generous heart.

And I will nail me to Thy cross,
And learn to count all things but dross
    Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take:
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,
With all the strength that in me lies,
    Will I cast from me and forsake.

Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
    Were shed when Thou wast sore oppressed,

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Shall be with me, when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
And enter with Thee into rest.

O SACRED HEAD! NOW WOUNDED.

(*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.*)

By PAUL GERHARDT, 1656 (SCHAFF, No. 109), on the basis of ST. BERNARD'S "Salve, caput cruentatum," 1153 (DANIEL, I. 232; WACKERNAGEL, I. 124, in five stanzas, of ten lines each: comp. the version on p. 162). Both the Latin of the Catholic monk and the German of the Lutheran pastor are conceived in the spirit of deep repentance, and glowing gratitude to Christ, who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." Faithfully reproduced by Dr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, a Presbyterian clergyman of New York (d. 1859), for SCHAFF'S *Kirchenfreund*, 1849, and since introduced, with abridgments and changes, into several American hymn-books. — This classical hymn has shown an imperishable vitality in passing from the Latin into the German, and from the German into the English, and proclaiming in three tongues, and in the name of three confessions, — the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed, — with equal effect, the dying love of our Saviour, and our boundless indebtedness to him. Other English versions in *Moravian* and *Methodist H. Bs.* ("O head so full of bruises!"), by C. WINKWORTH, ("O wounded Head! must Thou endure?") and by MASSIE (*Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 97).

O SACRED head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O noblest brow, and dearest!
In other days the world

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All feared when Thou appearedst:
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek,
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek,
Alas! they have departed;
Wan Death has rifled all!
For weak and broken-hearted,
I see Thy body fall.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine, was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer:
My Shepherd, make me Thine;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.

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Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside Thee, Lord, I've taken
My place — forbid me not!
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though Thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold Thee,
In agony opprest,
Then, then, will I enfold Thee
Within this arm and breast!

The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,

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Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish
By Thine own pain and woe![1]

Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh! show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

---

[1] This verse, which is admirably rendered from the German, —

"Wann ich einmal soll scheiden
So scheide nicht von mir," &c., —

is a gem, and well worthy to be the last *suspirium* of a dying Christian. In several American collections it is arbitrarily changed or omitted altogether. The sainted Dr. Alexander, in transmitting to me his translation from Princeton, in 1849, gave me a touching account of a poor German laborer who, on his death-bed in a foreign land, found his last strength and comfort in this verse, which he had committed to memory, in early youth, in his fatherland.

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O SACRED HEAD, SURROUNDED.

(*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.*)

Another version of GERHARDT's hymn, abridged. From *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 97.

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigor
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me!

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me,

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With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest;
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

CHRIST, THE LIFE OF ALL THE LIVING.

(*Jesu, meines Lebens Leben.*)

From the German of ERNST CHRISTOPH HOMBURG, 1659: "Jesu, meines Lebens Leben, Jesu, meines Todes Tod" (SCHAFF, No. 122; *Choral Book for England*, 1862).

CHRIST, the Life of all the living,
Christ, the Death of death, our foe,
Who Thyself for me once giving
To the darkest depths of woe,
Patiently didst yield Thy breath
But to save my soul from death;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou, ah, Thou, hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God!

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Only thus for me to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

Thou didst bear the smiting only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with my latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death;
For that last and bitter cry,
Praise Thee evermore on high.

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THOU HOLIEST LOVE, WHOM MOST I LOVE.

(*O Du Liebe meiner Liebe.*)

From the German by an anonymous author, first published in FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesangbuch*, Halle, 1704 (SCHAFF, No. 124). Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH (who, with many others, erroneously attributes this hymn to Angelus Silesius). It has recently been claimed for ELIZABETH VON SENITZ, died 1679.

THOU Holiest Love, whom most I love,
Who art my longed-for only bliss,
Whom tenderest pity erst did move
To fathom woe and death's abyss;
Thou who didst suffer for my good,
And die my guilty debts to pay,
Thou Lamb of God, whose precious blood
Can take a world's misdeeds away!

Thou who didst bear the agony
That made e'en Thy strong spirit quail,
Yet ever yearnest still for me
With longing love that ne'er shall fail, —
'Twas Thou wast willing, Thou alone,
To bear the righteous wrath of God;
Thy death hath stilled it, else had none
Found shelter from its awful load.

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O Love! who with unflinching heart
Didst bear all worst disgrace and shame;
O Love! who 'mid the keenest smart
Of dying pangs wert still the same;
Who didst Thy changeless virtue prove
E'en with Thy latest parting breath,
And spakest words of gentlest love
When soul and body sank in death!

O Love! through sorrows manifold
Hast Thou betrothed me as a bride,
By ceaseless gifts, by love untold,
Hast bound me ever to Thy side.
Oh, let the weary ache, the smart,
Of life's long tale of pain and loss,
Be gently stilled within my heart
At thought of Thee and of Thy cross!

O Love! who gav'st Thy life for me,
And won an everlasting good
Through Thy sore anguish on the tree,
I ever think upon Thy blood;
I ever thank Thy sacred wounds,
Thou wounded Love, Thou Holiest!
But most when life is near its bounds,
And in Thy bosom safe I rest.

O Love! who unto death hast grieved
For this cold heart, unworthy Thine,

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Whom the cold grave and death received,
I thank Thee for that grief divine.
I give Thee thanks that Thou didst die
To win eternal life for me,
To bring salvation from on high:
Oh, draw me up through love to Thee!

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Dr. Isaac Watts, 1709. Glorying in the cross. Gal. vi. 14. One of the noblest hymns in the English or any other language, and truly classical in expression. The fourth stanza is omitted in most hymn-books.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

Dr. ISAAC WATTS (d. 1748). "Faith in Christ our sacrifice."

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

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My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

HIM ON YONDER CROSS I LOVE.

From the German of J. E. Greding, 1723, by Catherine Winkworth, II 57
The German begins with the beautiful lines:—

"Der am Kreuz ist meine Liebe,
Und sonst nichts auf dieser Welt!
O dass Er's doch ewig bliebe,
Der mir jetzt so wohl gefällt!"

It is not to be confounded with a similar hymn of John Mentzer (1670):—

"Der am Kreuz ist meine Liebe,
Meine Lieb' ist Jesus Christ!
Weg, ihr argen Seelendiebe,
Satan, Welt und Fleischeslist!"

Both in Schaff's *G. H. B.*, Nos. 125 and 126.

HIM on yonder cross I love;
Nought on earth I else count dear!
May He mine for ever prove,
Who is now so inly near!
Here I stand: whate'er may come,
Days of sunshine or of gloom,
From this word I will not move:
Him upon the cross I love!

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'Tis not hidden from my heart,
What true love must often bring;
Want and grief have sorest smart,
Care and scorn can sharply sting;
Nay, but if Thy will were such,
Bitterest death were not too much!
Dark though here my course may prove,
Him upon the cross I love!

Rather sorrows such as these,
Rather love's acutest pain,
Than without Him days of ease,
Riches false and honors vain.
Count me strange, when I am true,
What He hates I will not do;
Sneers no more my heart can move:
Him upon the cross I love!

Know ye whence my strength is drawn,
Fearless thus the fight to wage?
Why my heart can laugh to scorn
Fleshly weakness, Satan's rage?
'Tis, I know, the love of Christ:
Mighty is that love unpriced!
What can grieve me, what can move?
Him upon the cross I love!

Once the eyes that now are dim,
Shall discern the changeless love

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That hath led us home to Him,
That hath crowned us far above:
Would to God that all below
What that love is now might know!
And their hearts this word approve:
Him upon the cross I love!

JESUS, THY BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

(*Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.*)

Count NIC. LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF, 1739. Originally thirty stanzas (complete in A. KNAPP's edition of Zinzendorf's *Spiritual Songs*, Stuttgart, 1845, p. 135; abridged in SCHAFF, *G. H. B.*, No. 291). Freely reproduced by JOHN WESLEY, 1740.

JESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.[1]

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

[1] The first stanza — which is literally borrowed from an older German hymn of P. Eber (1569) — is very popular among German Christians, and often quoted at death-beds: —

"Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit:
Das ist mein Schmuck und Ehrenkleid;
Damit werd ich vor Gott bestehn,
Wann ich zum Himmel werd eingehn."

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The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me — e'en for my soul — was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim;
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

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Ah! give to all Thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak Thy gracious word;
That all who to Thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in Thee.

Thou, God of power, Thou, God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove!
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

SWEET THE MOMENTS, RICH IN BLESSING.

Rev. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1725–1786. This hymn first appeared, 1774, in Lady Huntingdon's Hymn-Book, which he revised. It is an older hymn of Rev. JAMES ALLEN, popularized. It found its way, with two or three other Protestant hymns, into the *Lyra Catholica* (under the heading "Sub Cruce Christi"). Much altered in the Andover and other hymn-books.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

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Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze,
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself most deeply know!

SURELY CHRIST THY GRIEFS HAS BORNE.

Rev. Aug. M. Toplady (d. 1778). Isa. liii. 4, 5, 12.

SURELY Christ thy griefs has borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn:
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee;
There thy every sin He bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

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All thy crimes on Him were laid:
See, upon His blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Wounded in our stead He is,
Bruised for our iniquities.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice;
There th' incarnate Deity,
Numbered with transgressors, see;
There, his Father's absence mourns,
Nailed and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

See thy God His head bow down,
Hear the Man of Sorrows groan!
For thy ransom there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed;
Bleed the guiltless for th' unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

Lord, Thine arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed;

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Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me:
At Thy feet myself I lay;
Shine, O shine, my fears away!

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800). From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, No. 79: "Praise, for the Fountain opened." Zech. xiii. 1. This hymn, drawn from the fountain of atoning blood, "opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness," is itself a fountain of comfort and peace. The last two stanzas are omitted in most hymn-books.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
  I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
  (Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
  A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
  And formed by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
  No other name but Thine.

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HARK! THE VOICE OF LOVE AND MERCY.

"Finished Redemption." By the Rev. JONATHAN EVANS (1749-1809). First published in *Burder's Collection*, 1784. The authorship of this hymn is not quite certain. See the note in ROGERS's *Lyra Brit.*, p. 677.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

"It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised,
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

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Happy souls, approach the table,
  Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
  As the Saviour's flesh and blood:
    "It is finished!"
  Christ has borne the heavy load.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
  Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
  Join to praise Immanuel's name!
    Hallelujah!
  Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

"The Cross of Christ." By Sir JOHN BOWRING, LL.D., a distinguished diplomatist and colonial governor (b. 1792), author of several important works of travel and on politics; and of a volume of excellent hymns, published in 1825.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
  Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
  Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

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When the sun of bliss is beaming
  Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
  Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
  By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
  Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.

WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1855.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
  Of Him who died upon the cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride;
For this we count the world but loss.

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Inscribed upon the cross we see
The shining letters "God is love:"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross, it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

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COME TO CALVARY'S HOLY MOUNTAIN.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (born 1771; died at Sheffield, 1854). Zech. xiii. 1: "In that day, there shall be a Fountain opened." 1819.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes, and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

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He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful, — God will never
Break His covenant in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

FLING OUT THE BANNER! LET IT FLOAT.

Bishop G. W. Doane. Died at Burlington, N.J., 1859.

FLING out the Banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner! Angels bend,
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

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Fling out the Banner! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

Fling out the Banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

WHEREFORE WEEP WE OVER JESUS?

(*Weint nicht über Jesu Schmerzen.*)

By the Rev. PHILIP SPITTA, died 1859. Translated by RICHARD MASSIE, 1860.
"Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves." — *Luke* xxiii. 28.

WHEREFORE weep we over Jesus,
O'er His death and bitter smart?
Weep we rather that He sees us
Unconvinced and hard of heart;
For His soul was never tainted
With the smallest spot or stain:
'Twas for us He was acquainted
With such depths of grief and pain.

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Oh! what profits it with groaning
Underneath His cross to stand;
Oh! what profits our bemoaning
His pale brow and bleeding hand?
Wherefore gaze on Him expiring,
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,
Whilst we think not of inquiring,
Wherefore, and for whom He died?

If no sin could be discovered
In the pure and spotless Lord,
If the cruel death He suffered
Is sin's just and meet reward:
Then it must have been for others
That the Lord on Calvary bled,
And the guilt have been a brother's,
Which was laid upon His head.

And for whom hath He contended
In a strife so strange and new?
And for whom to hell descended?
Brothers! 'twas for me and you!
Now you see that He was reaping
Punishment for us alone;
And we have great cause for weeping,
Not for His guilt, but our own.

If we then make full confession,
Joined with penitence and prayer,

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If we see our own transgression
In the punishment He bare,
If we mourn with true repentance,
We shall hear the Saviour say,
"Fear not: I have borne your sentence;
Wipe your bitter tears away."

RIDE ON, RIDE ON IN MAJESTY

Christ's final entrance into Jerusalem. John xii.12–15. By the Very Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.; b. London, 1791; since 1849, Dean of St. Paul's; author of "History of Latin Christianity," &c. His poetical works were published 1839, in 3 vols. 12mo. He died Sept. 1868.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ! Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down, with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

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Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

BOUND UPON THE ACCURSÈD TREE.

Dr. Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, London; d. 1868.

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb;
By the flesh, with scourges torn;
By the crown of twisted thorn;
By the side so deeply pierced;
By the baffled, burning thirst;
By the drooping death-dewed brow:
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
By earth, that trembles at His doom;
By yonder saints who burst their tomb;

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By Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at His side;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow:
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now:
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew, —
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave;
By the souls He died to save;
By the conquest He hath won;
By the saints before His throne;
By the rainbow round His brow:
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

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ASK YE WHAT GREAT THING I KNOW.

Rev. Dr. BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY. His numerous hymns were first published in his *Psalter*, 1860, and *Hymnol. Christiana*, 1863.

ASK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the Name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Who is He that makes me wise
To discern where duty lies?
Who is He that makes me true,
Duty, when discerned, to do?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

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Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,—
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

OPPRESSED WITH NOON-DAY'S SCORCHING HEAT.

"The Shadow of the Cross." By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series.

OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat;
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst;
No spring like this for me!

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A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!

For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

CLING TO THE CRUCIFIED.

"Abide in Him." HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.; b. Edinburgh, 1808.

"Tecum volo vulnerari
Te libenter amplexari
In cruce desidero."
OLD HYMN.

CLING to the Crucified!
His death is life to thee,—
Life for eternity.
His pains thy pardon seal;
His stripes thy bruises heal;
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease.
His blood is all to thee:
It purges thee from sin;
It sets thy spirit free;
It keeps thy conscience clean.
Cling to the Crucified!

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Cling to the Crucified!
His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee:
His countenance is light,
Even to the darkest night.
That love shall never change;
That light shall ne'er grow dim:
Charge thou thy faithless heart
To find its all in Him.
Cling to the Crucified!

I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. "The Substitute." From the First Series of his *Hymns of Faith and Hope.*

"Jesu, plena caritate
Manus tuæ perforatæ
Laxent mea crimina;
Latus tuum lanceatum,
Caput spinis coronatum,
Hæc sint medicamina."
OLD HYMN.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.

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I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in Him:
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares:
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine:
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord:
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild:
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angel's song.

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WOULDST THOU LEARN THE DEPTH OF SIN?

Gethsemane. By the Rev. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D., b. 1811, one of the Rural Deans in the see of Winchester, author of several volumes of sacred lyrics.

WOULDST thou learn the depth of sin.
All its bitterness and pain?
What it cost thy God to win
Sinners to Himself again?
Come, poor sinner, come with me;
Visit sad Gethsemane.

Wouldst thou know God's wondrous love?
Seek it not beside the throne;
List not angels' praise above,
But come and hear the heavy groan
By the Godhead heaved for thee,
Sinner, in Gethsemane.

When His tears and bloody sweat,
When His passion and His prayer,
When His pangs on Olivet,
Wake within thee thoughts of care,—
Remember, sinner, 'twas for thee
He suffered in Gethsemane!

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Hate the sin that cost so dear;
Love the God that loved thee so;
Weep if thou wilt, but likewise fear
To bid that fountain freshly flow,
That gushed so freely once for thee
In sorrowful Gethsemane.

MY SINS, MY SINS, MY SAVIOUR!

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D., Vicar of Egham. From his *Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year*, Lond. 1863. For Ash Wednesday. On Ps. xl. 15: "My sins have taken such hold upon me, that I am not able to look up; yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me."

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!
They take such hold on me,
I am not able to look up,
Save only, Christ, to Thee:
In Thee is all forgiveness,
In Thee abundant grace,
My shadow and my sunshine
The brightness of Thy face.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on Thee they fall!
Seen through Thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.

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I know they are forgiven;
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew,
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy passion drew, —
Till, with Thee, in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

Therefore my songs, my Saviour!
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suffering man below, —
Thy goodness and Thy favor,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee, and love.

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JESUS! GENTLE SUFFERER, SAY.

For Good Friday. By JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D., Vicar of Egham, born 1811. From his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, Lond. 1863, p. 82. The *Canterbury Hymnal* gives this hymn with abridgments and unnecessary changes ("Jesu, *mighty* Sufferer, say," &c.).

JESUS! gentle Sufferer, say,
How shall we this dreadful day
Near Thee draw, and to Thee pray?

We, whose proneness to forget
Thy dear love, on Olivet
Bathed Thy brow with bloody sweat;

We, whose sins, with awful power,
Like a cloud did o'er Thee lower,
In that God-excluding hour;

We, who still, in thought and deed,
Often hold the bitter reed
To Thee, in Thy time of need,—

Canst Thou pardon us, and pray,
As for those who on this day
Took Thy precious life away?

Yes! Thy blood is all my plea;
It was shed, and shed for me,
Therefore to Thy cross I flee

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At Thy feet, in dust and shame,
I dare breathe Thy holy name,
And a great salvation claim.

Save me, Jesus: stoop and take
Pity on my soul, and make
This day bright, for Thy dear sake.

THOU WHO DIDST HANG UPON A BARREN TREE.

"Long Barren." By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, 1866 (*Poems*, Boston ed., p. 245).

THOU who didst hang upon a barren tree,
My God, for me;
Though I till now be barren, now at length,
Lord, give me strength
To bring forth fruit to Thee.

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn,
Spitting and scorn;
Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now
Strengthen me Thou,
That better fruit be borne.

Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad roots,
Vine of sweet fruits,
Thou Lily of the vale, with fadeless leaf,
Of thousands Chief,
Feed Thou my feeble shoots.

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O JESUS! SWEET THE TEARS I SHED.

"At the Cross." "I am crucified with Christ."—*Gal.* ii. 20. Rev. Dr. RAY PALMER; b. 1808, in the State of Rhode Island. From his *Hymns of my Holy Hours*, New York, 1867. One of his best hymns.

O JESUS! sweet the tears I shed,
While at Thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head,
And all Thy sorrows feel.

My heart dissolves to see Thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear Thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

'Twas for the sinful Thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand:
What love speaks from Thy dying eye,
And from each piercèd hand!

I know this cleansing blood of Thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me,—
For me, for all—O grace divine!—
Who look by faith on Thee.

O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, Thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

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In patient hope the cross I'll bear,
  Thine arm shall be my stay;
And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare,
  On Thy great judgment-day.

WONDER OF WONDERS! ON THE CROSS.

"The Sacrifice." A sonnet, by Dr. RAY PALMER. From his *Hymns and Sacred Pieces*, New York, 1865.

WONDER of wonders! On the cross He dies!
  Man of the ages, David's mighty Son,
The Eternal Word, who spake and it was done,
What time, of old, He formed the earth and skies.

Abashed be all the wisdom of the wise!
  Let the wide earth through all her kingdoms know
  The promised Lamb of God, whose blood should flow,—
For human guilt the grand, sole sacrifice.

No more need altar smoke, nor victim bleed:
  'Tis finished!—the great mystery of love.
Ye sin-condemned, by this blood, 'tis decreed,

Ye stand absolved: behold the curse remove!
  O Christ! Thy deadly wounds, Thy mortal strife
Crush death and hell, and give immortal life!

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O HEAD, SO FULL OF BRUISES!

"The Crucifixion." JOSEPH STAMMERS, born 1801, barrister in London. Died 1885. Contributed to ROGERS's *Lyra Brit.*, 1867, p. 517.

O HEAD, so full of bruises!
Brow, that its life-blood loses!
Oh! great humility!
Across His face are flying
The shadows of the dying:
'Twas suffered all for me!

O Back, by scourges ploughèd!
O Soul, by sorrow bowèd
Upon the accursèd tree!
He hears the bitter scorning;
'Tis night, without a dawning:
'Twas suffered all for me!

Eye, that in darkness sinketh!
Lip, that the red cup drinketh!
Hands, bound to misery!
See, from His feet forth streameth
The fountain that redeemeth!
'Twas suffered all for me!

And now He speaks: oh, hearken,
While clouds all nature darken!
"Lama sabachthani?"

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His head is bent, and droopeth!
To such a death He stoopeth!
'Twas suffered all for me!

WHEN, WOUNDED SORE, THE STRICKEN SOUL.

"Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—*Heb.* iv. 15. By Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. Contributed to the *Lyra Anglicana*. One of the best hymns of this gifted poetess.

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

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Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

ARE THERE NO WOUNDS FOR *ME?*

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."— *Gal.* ii. 20. By Mrs. GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE, of Brooklyn, N.Y., April, 1868. Contributed to this Collection

ARE there no wounds for *me?*
Hast Thou received them all?
How can I, Lord, the anguish see,
Beneath which Thou didst fall!

Shedding such tears for me!
Sweating such drops of blood!
That by Thy stripes my soul might be
Saved from the wrath of God!

'Tis over now, I know,—
That suffering life of Thine;
Thy precious blood has ceased to flow,
Thou wear'st Thy crown divine;

But yet, I weeping see
The thorns which pierced Thy head;
Thou faint'st beneath Thy cross for me,
For me to death Thou'rt led!

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Stretched on the cruel tree,
And fastened by my sin, —
Lord, at Thy cross, with shame, I see
How guilty I have been.

Meekly, with love divine,
Thy holy head is bent,
And streams of blood, for sins of mine,
Flow where Thy side is rent.

Such grief did well atone
For all our sinful race;
But yet, O Christ! for me alone
The Father hid His face!

Oh, how this crimson tide
O'erwhelms my soul with shame!
Within Thy bleeding wounds I hide:
Wilt Thou, Lord, own my name?

Beneath this sacred flood
I bow my sinful soul:
Dear Saviour, let Thy precious blood
O'er my defilement roll.

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THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

EASTER EVE.

"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed. And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre." — Matt. xxvii. 59-61.

O LORD JESUS, who by Thy rest in the grave, and descent into the world of departed spirits, hast sanctified the tomb, and opened the gate of paradise to all believers: grant unto us, we beseech Thee, that, being crucified with Thee to sin, we may rest in peace, and attain, with the whole army of the Redeemed, unto the glorious resurrection to life everlasting. Amen.

"Come and deck the grave with flowers,
That is now a blessed bed,
Where the truest Friend of ours
Stooped to rest His holy head;
For the Saviour, in it lying,
Did its grief and gloom destroy,
Took from death the dread of dying,
Gave to life its crown and joy."

John S. B. Monsell.

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THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

EASTER EVE.

THE SEPULCHRE IS HOLDING.

Translated from the Latin. *The People's Hymnal*, Lond. 1867, No. 111.

THE sepulchre is holding
To-day within its band
The Lord, Who holds creation
Within His strong right hand.

To-day a stone is hiding
From gaze of mortal eye
The Lord, whose glory hideth
The brightness of the sky.

The Life of all is sleeping,
But Hell is quaking sore;
And Adam bursts the fetters
Which prisoned him before.

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All praise to Thee, Lord Jesu,
Whose Providence of love
Hath won for us, Thy people,
The Sabbath rest above.

To Christ, the King of glory,
Who in the tomb was laid,
To Father and to Spirit
Eternal laud be paid.

REST OF THE WEARY!

(*So ruhest Du, O meine Ruh'.*)

SALOMON FRANCK, 1716. Trsl. by Miss C. WINKWORTH, *Lyra Germ.*, I. p. 85.

REST of the weary! Thou
Thyself art resting now,
Where lowly in Thy sepulchre Thou liest.
From out her deathly sleep,
My soul doth start, to weep,
So sad a wonder, that Thou Saviour diest!

Thy bitter anguish o'er,
To this dark tomb they bore
Thee, Life of life, — Thee, Lord of all creation!
The hollow rocky cave
Must serve Thee for a grave,
Who wast Thyself the Rock of our Salvation!

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O Prince of Life! I know
That when I, too, lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken;
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink:
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.

To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room,
Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour,
O Death, O Grave, where is your victory?

The grave can nought destroy,
Only the flesh can die;
And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay:
Clothed by Thy wondrous might
In robes of dazzling light,
This flesh shall burst the grave at that last Day.

My Jesus, day by day,
Help me to watch and pray,
Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt laid:
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into Death's awful shade.

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RESTING FROM HIS WORK TO-DAY.

1842. By the Rev. THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, chaplain to Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, born at Thormanby, Eng., 1815, died in New Zealand, 1843.

RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealèd stone.

Late at even there was seen,
Watching long, the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where, in pure embalmèd cell,
None but Thou may ever dwell.

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Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

REST, WEARY SON OF GOD.

HORATIUS BONAR. *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Third Series, 1866.

REST, weary Son of God; and I, with Thee,
Rest in that rest of Thine.
My weariness was Thine; Thou barest it,
And now Thy rest is mine.

Rest, weary Son of God; we joy to think
That all Thy toil is done.
No ache, no pang, no sigh for Thee again;
Thy joy is now begun.

Thy life on earth was one sad weariness;
Nowhere to lay Thy head.
Thy days were toil and heat; Thy lonely nights
Sought some cold mountain bed.

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How calmly in that tomb Thou liest now,
Thy rest how still and deep!
O'er Thee in love the Father rests: He gives
To His beloved sleep.

On Bethel-pillow now Thy head is laid,
In Joseph's rock-hewn cell;
Thy watchers are the angels of Thy God:
They guard Thy slumbers well.

With Thee Thy God and Father still abides,
And Thou art not alone.
He in that still dark chamber is with Thee,
The well-beloved Son.

Oh, silent, silent is Thy earthly tomb!
The raging of Thy foes
Is ended all! nor Jew nor Roman now
Can ruffle Thy repose.

Rest, weary Son of God: Thy work is done,
And all Thy burdens borne;
Rest on that stone, till the third sun has brought
Thine everlasting morn.

Then to a higher, brighter, truer rest,
Upon the throne above,
Rise, weary Son of Man, to carry out
Thy glorious work of love.

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THE RESURRECTION.

"CHRIST is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." — 1 COR. xv. 20–22.

"If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." — COL. iii. 1.

O THOU Prince of Life and First-Begotten of the dead! who, by Thy glorious resurrection, hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life: enable us, by Thy heavenly grace, to walk in newness of life, and to abound in the fruits of righteousness; so that we may at last triumph over death and the grave, and rise in Thy likeness, having our vile bodies changed into the fashion of Thine own glorious body, who art God over all, blessed for ever. Amen.

"STUPENDA lex mysterii,
Novum genus prœlii:
Ligatus nexos liberat,
Mortuus vivificat,
Dumque Vita perimitur,
Mortis mors efficitur."

PETER DAMIANI (DANIEL, 1. 223).

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THE RESURRECTION.

HAIL, DAY OF DAYS! IN PEALS OF PRAISE.

(*Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo.*)

Free, from the Latin of VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, Bishop of Poictiers, 600. In this sweet poem, the whole nature, born anew in the spring, and arrayed in the bridal garment of hope and promise, welcomes the risen Saviour, the Prince of spiritual and eternal life. The original (DANIEL, I. 170) has fourteen stanzas, of three lines each. TRENCH (p. 132) gives only ten lines. DANIEL remarks, "Ex hoc suavissimo poëmate ecclesia decem versus sibi vindicavit, qui efficerent canticum triumphale Paschatis." It passed also into several German forms, e.g., "Sei gegrüsst, du heiliger Tag." The version here given is a very free transfusion, in a different measure. Another English version, more closely following the original, by Mrs. CHARLES: "Hail, festal Day! ever exalted high;" and one by Dr. NEALE: "Hail, festal Day! for evermore adored."

HAIL, Day of days! in peals of praise
Throughout all ages owned,
When Christ, our God, hell's empire trod,
And high o'er heaven was throned.[1]

This glorious morn the world new-born
In rising beauty shows;
How, with her Lord to life restored,
Her gifts and graces rose!

[1] "Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo,
Qua Deus infernum vicit et astra tenet.
Salve, festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo."

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The spring serene in sparkling sheen
  The flower-clad earth arrays,
Heaven's portal bright its radiant light
  In fuller flood displays.

The fiery sun in loftier noon,
  O'er heaven's high orbit shines,
As o'er the tide of waters wide
  He rises and declines.

From hell's deep gloom, from earth's dark tomb,
  The Lord in triumph soars;
The forests raise their leafy praise;
  The flowery field adores.

As star by star He mounts afar,
  And hell imprisoned lies,
Let stars and light and depth and height
  In Hallelujahs rise.

Lo! He Who died, the Crucified,
  God over all He reigns;
On Him we call, His creatures all,
  Who heaven and earth sustains.

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THE SUPPER OF THE LAMB TO SHARE.

(*Ad cœnam Agni providi.*)

An old *hymnus paschalis*, which may have been sung, in the early Church, by the newly baptized catechumens, when, in their white robes, they first approached the Lord's table. DANIEL, I. 88, gives the original, and the altered form of the Roman Breviary ("Ad regias Agni dapes"). Trsl. in *Voice of Christian Life in Song*, p. 103 Another version by NEALE: "The Lamb's high banquet we await."

THE Supper of the Lamb to share,
We come in vesture white and fair,
The Red Sea crossed, our hymn we sing
To Christ, our Captain and our King.

His holy body on the cross,
Parched, on that altar hung for us;
And, drinking of His crimson blood,
We live upon the living God.

Protected in the Paschal night
From the destroying angel's might,
And by a powerful hand set free
From Pharaoh's bitter slavery.

For Christ our Passover is slain,
The Lamb is offered not in vain;
With truth's sincere unleavened bread,
His flesh He gave, His blood He shed.

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O Victim, worthy Thou for ever,
Who didst the bands of hell dissever!
Redeem Thy captives from the foe,
The gift of life afresh bestow.

When Christ from out the tomb arose,
Victor o'er hell and all His foes,
The tyrant forth in chains He drew,
And planted Paradise anew.

Author of all, to Thee we pray,
In this our Easter joy to-day;
From every weapon death can wield
Thy trusting people ever shield.

WE KEEP THE FESTIVAL.

(*Ad regias Agni dapes.*)

From the Roman Breviary (Sabbato in Albis infra Octavam Paschæ). DANIEL, 1. 88. Compare the preceding hymn and note. Reproduced (with a doxology added) by the Rev. Dr. A. R. THOMPSON, of the Dutch Reformed Church, New York, Easter, 1868. Contributed to this Collection.

WE keep the festival
Of the slain Lamb our King.
The Red Sea passed,
And safe at last,
Our Leader's praise we sing.

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His love ineffable
He pledged in precious blood;
  And Priest most high,
  The altar by,
Himself devoting, stood.

The sacred crimson sign
The avenging angel knew;
  And the sea fled
  Back at Christ's tread,
And gave a pathway through.

Christ is our Passover!
And we will keep the feast
  With the new leaven,
  The bread of heaven:
All welcome, even the least!

O Heavenly Champion!
Death thought to vanquish Thee!
  But Death is slain;
  And Thou again
Art risen, and we are free.

Hail, mighty Conqueror!
Under Thy glorious feet
  The tyrant lies,
  And gasps, and dies:
What praise for Thee is meet?

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Forth from the gloomy prison,
Jesus, we follow Thee,
With broken chain,
With ended pain,
To life and liberty!

All glory be to Thee!
All worship to Thy name!
Thee we adore,
And evermore
Will celebrate Thy fame!

THE CHURCH OF GOD LIFTS UP HER VOICE.

Greek Paschal Hymn. From the offices of the Greek Church, by W. C Dix.

THE Church of God lifts up her voice:
To-day both heaven and earth rejoice;
The gladsome Passover is here,
The Passover of CHRIST most dear.

The Passover that frees from woe,
That binds in chains the ancient foe,
That opens wide the heavenly gate,
The LORD's own day we celebrate.

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From "very early" until night,
One strain we lift, one shout of might:
With Eucharist the morn arose,
With Hallelujahs day shall close.

O CHRIST, eternal Pascha, Thou,
And Crown for every willing brow!
Thou spotless Lamb, and Victor bright,
Arrayed in more than morning light!

On this Thy Resurrection-day
Be strife and hate put far away,
That those who in Thy likeness live
May each his brother's wrongs forgive.

The earth in festal raiment stands,
The floods for gladness clap their hands,
Then higher still, and higher raise,
The true, the living Pascha's praise.

IF THE DARK AND AWFUL TOMB.

(Εἰ καὶ ἐν τάφῳ.)

Greek ode of JOHN DAMASCENE, 787, the greatest poet, and one of the first divines, of the Oriental Church, though very little is known of his life. Translated by W. C. DIX.

IF the dark and awful tomb
Thou, immortal One, hast known,
Rising, in Thy deathless bloom,
Hades Thou hast overthrown.

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Yes: as Victor Thou hast burst
All the bands of hell, and said,
Hail! to those who sought Thee first,
Bearing ointment for the dead.

Peace, Thy earliest, sweetest gift,
Unto Thine Apostles given;
All the fallen Thou didst lift
From the gates of hell to heaven.

'TIS THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

('Αναστάσεως ἡμέρα.)

From the Greek of St. John of Damascus (d. before 787). His "Canon for Easter," which we give here in part, is called "the Golden Canon," or "the Queen of Canons," and is sung in the Greek Churches after midnight before Easter Day. Translated by Dr. J. M. Neale (*H. of the E. Ch.*, 1862).

'TIS the day of Resurrection
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

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Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light:
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!"—and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

COME, YE FAITHFUL, RAISE THE STRAIN.

(Ἄσωμεν πάντες λάοι.)

From the Greek of St. John of Damascus, 787, by Dr. J. M. Neale. This ode is the first of his canon for St. Thomas's Sunday, called also Renewal Sunday, or Low Sunday.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;

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Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render:
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

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THIS HOLY MORN, SO FAIR AND BRIGHT.

(*Aurora cælum purpurat.*)

Free, from the Latin of the Roman Breviary (Dominica in Albis), by the Rev. J. CHANDLER, 1837. Two different texts of this ancient *hymnus paschalis* in DANIEL, I. p. 83; MONE, I. p. 190 ("Aurora lucis rutilat"). Mone found a copy at Reichenau from the beginning of the ninth century. The Latin text is often divided into two hymns. Another version by CASWALL: "The Dawn was purpling over the sky;" and in the *Hymnal Noted*: "Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky." Compare also the next hymn.

THIS holy morn, so fair and bright,
Shall hear our praises swell:
For oh, what joy prevails on earth,
What wild despair in hell!

This morn our mighty King arose
From death's infernal cave,
And many a saint, to welcome Him,
Hath left his ancient grave.

In vain they sealed His sepulchre,
And watched around His tomb:
The Lord hath gained the victory,
And death is overcome.

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Then calm your grief, dismiss your fears,
Let no more tears be shed:
The mighty Vanquisher of death
Is risen from the dead.

Oh, Jesu! may we ever live
From sin and sorrow free;
Then let us ever die to sin,
And ever live to Thee.

THE MORNING PURPLES ALL THE SKY.

(*Aurora cœlum purpurat.*)

On the basis of the same hymn of the Roman Breviary for the Dominica in Albis DANIEL, I. 83. By Dr. A. R. THOMPSON, New York, 1867. Contributed.

THE morning purples all the sky,
The air with praises rings;
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings:
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

While He, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

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Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God most High,
For Christ's great victory!

That Thou our Paschal Lamb mayst be,
And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

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HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!

(*Alleluia, Alleluia! finita jam sunt prælia.*)

From the Latin of the 12th century (see DANIEL, II. 363), translated by Dr. J. M NEALE (*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, 3d ed. 1867, p. 168).

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
Finished is the battle now:
The crown is on the Victor's brow!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness,
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
After sharp death that him befell,
Jesus Christ hath conquered hell.
Earth is singing,
Heaven is ringing,
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
On the third morning He arose,
Bright with victory o'er his foes.
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Hallelujah!

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Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He hath closed hell's brazen door,
And heaven is open evermore!
Hence with sadness!
Sing with gladness,
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,
So from ill death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Hallelujah!

BEHOLD THE DAY THE LORD HATH MADE!

(*Salve, Dies dierum gloria.*)

From the Latin of ADAM OF ST. VICTOR, the most fertile, and, in the estimation of Trench and Neale, the greatest of the Latin hymnologists of the middle ages, d. at Paris after 1172. SHIPLEY'S *Lyra Messianica*, p. 340. He wrote several Easter hymns, — "Mundi Renovatio;" "Zyma vetus expurgetur;" "Ecce dies celebris." &c. See TRENCH, p. 161, *seq.*

BEHOLD the Day the Lord hath made!
That peerless day which cannot fade;
That day of light, that day of joy,
Of glory which shall never cloy.

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The day on which the world was framed
Has signal honor ever claimed;
But CHRIST, arising from the dead,
Unrivalled brightness o'er it shed.

In hope of their celestial choice,
Now let the sons of light rejoice:
CHRIST'S members in their lives declare
What likeness to their Head they bear.

For solemn is our feast to-day,
And solemn are the vows we pay:
This day's surpassing greatness claims
Surpassing joy, surpassing aims.

The Paschal victory displays
The glory of our festal days;
Which type and shadow dimly bore,
In promise to the saints of yore.

The veil is rent; and, lo! unfold
The things the ancient Law foretold:
The figure from the substance flies,
And light the shadow's place supplies.

The type the spotless Lamb conveyed,
The goat, where Israel's sins were laid;
MESSIAH, purging our offence,
Disclosed in all their hidden sense.

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By freely yielding up His breath,
He freed us from the bonds of death,
Who on that Prey forbidden flew,
And lost the prey that was his due.

The ills on sinful flesh that lay
His sinless flesh hath done away,
Which blooming fresh on that third morn
Assurance gave to souls forlorn.

O wondrous Death of CHRIST! may we
Be made to live to CHRIST by thee!
O deathless Death, destroy our sin,
Give us the prize of life to win!

NOW THY GENTLE LAMB, O SION.

(*Mitis Agnus, Leo fortis.*)

Translated from the Latin by H. TRENN. The original in DU MÉRIL, II. 53; and DANIEL, IV. 160.

NOW thy gentle Lamb, O Sion,
Shows the strength of Judah's Lion;
Hell's stern fetters hold Him not:
Dawns the third day o'er His prison,
And our Mighty SAVIOUR risen,
Makes us share His glorious lot.

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Holy women, with devotion
Such as springs from love's emotion,
  Bring sweet unguents to His tomb;
There, O wonderful transition!
Worthy of the heavenly vision,
  Glory meets them in the gloom.

One in faith that scorns defection,
Equal in their warm affection
  For His name whose grave they seek,
Back they see the stone is taken,
And the opened tomb forsaken,
  Whence they hear an Angel speak:

Fear not, loving souls; but going
Quickly back, the vision showing,
  Say to Peter and the rest:
Jesus lives, o'er death victorious,
Now to reign for ever glorious,
  In the regions of the blest.[1]

---

[1] "Festinantes ite retro;
Nuntiantes visa Petro
Cæterisque propere!
Resurrexit vere Jesus;
Immortalis et illæsus
Vivit iam in æthere."

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JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

(*Surrexit Christus hodie.*)

Reproduced from a Latin hymn of the 15th century, which exists in different forms. See WACKERNAGEL, I. pp. 175–177; DANIEL, I. 341. Lord Selborne (No. LX.) adds a Hallelujah to each line, and erroneously ascribes the hymn to the year 1762, the last stanza (which differs from ours) to Charles Wesley.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day;
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah!

But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.
Hallelujah!

Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest;
One true God, by all confest.
Hallelujah!

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LET ZION'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS SAY.

(*O Filii et Filiæ.*)

Translated from the Latin, by Prof. THOMAS C. PORTER, Easton, Pa., March, 1859; revised, April, 1868. Contributed. Another translation, by Dr. NEALE ("Alleluia! ye sons and daughters of the King"), and one in E. J. HOPKINS' *Temple-Church Choral Service*, London, 1867 ("Ye sons and daughters of the Lord"). 13th century, or perhaps of much later origin.

LET Zion's sons and daughters say:
"Heaven's glorious King, our King for aye,
Hath broke the bonds of death to-day!"
Hallelujah!

Their Sabbath o'er, with sweet perfume,
Amid the morning's early gloom,
His followers hasten to the tomb.
Hallelujah!

With Mary Magdalene view
Salome,—James's mother too;
They come the sacred corse t' imbue.
Hallelujah!

White-robed and seated on the stone,
God's angel speaks in thrilling tone:
"Your Lord to Galilee hath gone."
Hallelujah!

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His best-beloved, with eager pace,
Outstripping Peter in the race,
First cometh to th' appointed place.
Hallelujah!

Where gathered His disciples true,
There in the midst Christ stood to view,
Proclaiming: "Peace be unto you!"
Hallelujah!

When Didymus now heard it said,
That Jesus rising left the dead,
Strong doubt possessed his heart and head.
Hallelujah!

"See, Thomas, see My wounded side,
These hands and feet!" the Saviour cried,
"Doubt not: believe; in Me confide."
Hallelujah!

When Thomas searched with earnest heed
Feet, hands, and side, from doubting freed,
He said: "Thou art my God indeed!"
Hallelujah!

Who have not seen with mortal eyes,
And yet believe, shall win the prize,
Eternal life beyond the skies.
Hallelujah!

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Upon this hallowed festal day,
Triumphant swell the joyful lay;
O let us bless the Lord alway!
Hallelujah!

For grace like this, so rich and free,
Most humble thanks we pay to Thee,
Great Three in One and One in Three!
Hallelujah!

MARY! PUT THY GRIEF AWAY.

(*Pone luctum, Magdalena!*)

From the Latin. DANIEL, II. p. 365. By W. J. C. (*Lyra Mess.*, p. 328). Mary Magdalena is here, as in the *Dies Iræ* and other Latin hymns, identified with the sinful woman, Luke vii. 37. See the note in TRENCH, p. 159.

MARY! put thy grief away,
And thy drooping eyelid clear:
'Tis not Simon's feast to-day,
'Tis no time to shed a tear;
There are thousand springs of joy,
Thousand springs of transport high.

Mary! learn to smile again,
Let thy beaming forehead brighten;
Far is banished every pain,
Now the Sun of suns doth lighten:
CHRIST the world from death hath freed;
Yea, the LORD is risen indeed.

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Mary! leap for joy and gladness,
CHRIST hath triumphed o'er the tomb;
He hath closed the scene of sadness,
He of death hath sealed the doom;
Whom thou late in death wast mourning,
Welcome now to life returning.

Mary! lift thy trembling glance,
View Him risen with deep amaze;
See! how fair that countenance!
On those wounds resplendent gaze;
How like purest pearls they shine,
Sparkling all with life Divine!

Mary! live, yea, live again,
Now thy Light again hath shone;
Transport swell through every vein,
Now the sting of death has gone:
Far away be gloom and sadness,
All once more be joy and gladness.

STILL THY SORROW, MAGDALENA!

(*Pone luctum, Magdalena!*)

Another and better version of this sweet and cheering Easter hymn, by the Rev. Dr E. A. WASHBURN, New York, June, 1868. Contributed.

STILL thy sorrow, Magdalena!
Wipe the tear-drops from thine eyes;
Not at Simon's board thou kneelest,
Pouring thy repentant sighs:

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All with thy glad heart rejoices;
All things sing with happy voices,
Hallelujah!

Laugh with rapture, Magdalena!
Be thy drooping forehead bright;
Banished now is every anguish,
Breaks anew thy morning light:
Christ from death the world hath freed;
He is risen, is risen indeed:
Hallelujah!

Joy! exult, O Magdalena!
He hath burst the rocky prison;
Ended are the days of darkness;
Conqueror hath He arisen.
Mourn no more the Christ departed;
Run to welcome Him, glad-hearted:
Hallelujah!

Lift thine eyes, O Magdalena!
See! thy living Master stands;
See His face, as ever, smiling;
See those wounds upon His hands,
On His feet, His sacred side, —
Gems that deck the Glorified:
Hallelujah!

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Live, now live, O Magdalena!
Shining is thy new-born day;
Let thy bosom pant with pleasure,
Death's poor terror flee away;
Far from thee the tears of sadness,
Welcome love, and welcome gladness!
Hallelujah!

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN!

(*Christus ist erstanden.*)

An Easter hymn of the BOHEMIAN BRETHREN, translated into German by MICHAEL WEISS, 1531, and, after him, into English by Miss C. WINKWORTH, 1858 (*L. G.*, II. 62). The German begins, like similar mediæval hymns: "Christus ist erstanden von des Todes Banden" (in KNAPP'S *Liederschatz*, 3d ed., No. 626). Compare the note on the next hymn.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again!
Christ hath broken every chain!
Hark! the angels shout for joy,
Singing evermore on high:
Hallelujah!

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,

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Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy, and say:
Hallelujah!

He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah!

He whose path no records tell,
Who descended into hell,
Who the strong man armed hath bound,
Now in the highest heaven is crowned:
Hallelujah!

He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings:
Hallelujah!

Now He bids us tell abroad,
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven:
Hallelujah!

Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;

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Take our sins and guilt away;
Let us sing by night and day:
Hallelujah!

IN THE BONDS OF DEATH HE LAY.

(*Christ lag in Todesbanden.*)

From the German of Dr. MARTIN LUTHER, 1524 (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 132; *Lyra Germ.*, I. p. 87). Based upon a Latin hymn of the 15th century: "Surrexit Christus hodie" (DANIEL, I. 341; and WACKERNAGEL, I. 175-177, who gives five forms), also upon an old German Easter hymn: "Christ ist erstanden" (several forms in WACKERNAGEL, II. 43 and 726-737). Luther's hymn is a great improvement upon its predecessors.

IN the bonds of Death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain;
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ hath brought us life again.
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud, with cheerful voice:
Hallelujah!

Of the sons of men was none
Who could break the bonds of Death:
Sin this mischief dire had done,
Innocent was none on earth;
Wherefore Death grew strong and bold,
Would all men in his prison hold:
Hallelujah!

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Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Came at last our foe to smite;
All our sins away hath done,
Done away Death's power and right;
Only the form of Death is left,
Of his sting he is bereft:
Hallelujah!

That was a wondrous war I trow,
When Life and Death together fought;
But Life hath triumphed o'er his foe,
Death is mocked and set at nought;
'Tis even as the Scripture saith,
Christ through death has conquered Death:
Hallelujah![1]

The rightful Paschal Lamb is He,
On whom alone we all must live,
Who to death upon the tree,
Himself in wondrous love did give.
Faith strikes His blood upon the door,
Death sees, and dares not harm us more:
Hallelujah!

---

[1] In the original, this description of the marvellous duel between Life and Death is peculiarly forcible: —

"Es war ein wunderlicher Krieg,
Da Tod und Leben rungen;
Das Leben das behielt den Sieg,
Es hat den Tod verschlungen.
Die Schrift hat verkündet das,
Wie da ein Tod den andern frass:
Ein Spott aus dem Tod ist worden. Hallelujah."

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Let us keep high festival,
On this most blessed Day of days,
When God His mercy showed to all!
Our Sun is risen with brightest rays;
And our dark hearts rejoice to see
Sin and night before Him flee:
Hallelujah!

To the Supper of the Lord,
Gladly will we come to-day:
The word of peace is now restored,
The old leaven is put away.
Christ will be our food alone,
Faith no life but His doth own:
Hallelujah!

ERE YET THE DAWN HAS FILLED THE SKIES.

(*Früh morgens da die Sonn' aufgeht.*)

From the German of JOHANN HEERMANN, 1630. The original has nineteen stanzas, but is abridged in all the German hymn-books. *Lyra Germ.*, II. 64.

ERE yet the dawn has filled the skies,
Behold my Saviour Christ arise,
He chaseth from us sin and night,
And brings us joy and life and light:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

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O stronger Thou than Death and Hell!
Where is the foe Thou canst not quell?
What heavy stone Thou canst not roll
From off the prisoned anguished soul?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

If Jesus lives, can I be sad?
I know He loves me, and am glad;
Though all the world were dead to me,
Enough, O Christ, if I have Thee!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

He feeds me, comforts and defends,
And when I die His angel sends
To bear me whither He is gone,
For of His own He loseth none:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

No more to fear or grief I bow,
God and the angels love me now;
The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive fear and mourning far away:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Strong Champion! For this comfort see
The whole world brings her thanks to Thee;
And once we, too, shall raise above
More sweet and loud the song of love:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

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JESUS, MY REDEEMER, LIVES.

(*Jesus, meine Zuversicht.*)

From the German of LOUISA HENRIETTA, Electress of Brandenburg, 1649, after the death of her first son (SCHAFF, No. 488). A favorite German hymn. Based on Job xix. 25-27, and 1 Cor. xv. Translated by Miss C. WINKWORTH, 1855. Other translations in the English Moravian hymn-book, and in *Sacred Lyrics from the German*, 1859 ("Jesus, my eternal trust, And my Saviour, ever liveth").

JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more!
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er;
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I soon shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives;
Where He is, I too shall be.
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasped;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasped.
Death shall ne'er my soul remove
From her refuge in Thy love

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I shall see Him with these eyes,
  Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise;
  With His love my heart shall glow;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

Ye who suffer, sigh and moan,
  Fresh and glorious there shall reign;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
  Heavenly it shall rise again;
Natural here the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

Body, be thou of good cheer,
  In thy Saviour's care rejoice;
Give not place to gloom and fear,
  Dead, thou yet shalt know His voice,
When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf, cold grave is stirred.

Laugh to scorn, then, death and hell,
  Fear no more the gloomy grave;
Caught into the air to dwell
  With the Lord who comes to save,
We shall trample on our foes,
Mortal weakness, fear, and woes.

Only see ye that your heart
  Rise betimes from earthly lust:

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Would ye there with Him have part,
Here obey your Lord and trust.
Fix your hearts beyond the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise!

O RISEN LORD! O CONQUERING KING!

(O auferstand'ner Siegesfürst.)

From the German of Dr. JUSTUS H. BOEHMER (a celebrated jurist; born at Hanover, 1674; died at Halle, 1749), 1706. Translated by C. WINKWORTH.

O RISEN Lord! O conquering King!
O Life of all that live!
To-day that peace of Easter bring
Which only Thou canst give!
Once Death, our foe,
Had laid Thee low:
Now hast Thou rent his bonds in twain,
Now art Thou risen who once wast slain!

The power of Thy great majesty
Bursts rocks and tombs away,
Thy victory raises us with Thee
Into the glorious day;
Now Satan's might
And Death's dark night

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Have lost their power this blessed morn,
And we to higher life are born.

Oh that our hearts might inly know
  Thy victory over death,
And gazing on Thy conflict glow
  With eager, dauntless faith!
    Thy quenchless light,
    Thy glorious might
Still comfortless and lonely leave
The soul that cannot yet believe.

Then break through our hard hearts Thy way,
  O Jesus, conquering King!
Kindle the lamp of faith to-day;
  Teach our faint hearts to sing
    For joy at length,
    That in Thy strength
We, too, may rise whom sin had slain,
And Thine eternal rest attain.

And, when our tears for sin o'erflow,
  Do Thou in love draw near,
The precious gift of peace bestow,
  Shine on us bright and clear;
    That so may we,
    O Christ! from Thee
Drink in the life that cannot die,
And keep true Easter feasts on high.

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Yes, let us truly know within
  Thy rising from the dead;
And quit the grave of death and sin,
  And keep that gift, our Head,
    That Thou didst leave
    For all who cleave
To Thee through all this earthly strife:
So shall we enter into life.

BLEST MORNING, WHOSE YOUNG RAYS.

Dr. Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
  Beheld our rising God;
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
  And leave His dark abode.

In the cold prison of a tomb
  The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
  The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
  To hold our God, in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
  And burst their feeble chain.

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To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring!

WELCOME, THOU VICTOR IN THE STRIFE!

(*Willkommen, Held im Streite.*)

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1712 (SCHAFF, No. 135). Translated by C. WINKWORTH.

WELCOME, Thou Victor in the strife,
Welcome from out the cave!
To-day we triumph in Thy life
Around Thine empty grave.

Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in their midst, Thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with Thee.

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O share with us the spoils, we pray,
Thou diedst to achieve!
We meet within Thy house to-day
Our portion to receive.

And let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenwards up to Thee.

We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb;
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

We die with Thee; oh, let us live
Henceforth to Thee aright!
The blessings Thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

Death hurts us not; his power is gone,
And pointless are his darts;
God's favor now on us hath shone,
Joy filleth all our hearts.

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GLORIOUS HEAD, THOU LIVEST NOW!

Part of a German hymn of G. Tersteegen (1731), which commences "Willkomm, verklärter Gottessohn." The stanzas here translated by Miss C. Winkworth are verses 7–10 ("Verklärtes Haupt! nun lebest Du," &c.).

O GLORIOUS Head, Thou livest now!
Let us, Thy members, share Thy life;
Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow
To raise Thy children from the strife
With self and sin, with death and dark distress,
That they may live to Thee in holiness?

Earth knows Thee not, but evermore
Thou livest in Paradise, in peace;
Thither my soul would also soar,
Let me from all the creatures cease:
Dead to the world, but to Thy Spirit known,
I live to Thee, O Prince of life! alone.

Break through my bonds whate'er it cost;
What is not Thine within me slay;
Give me the lot I covet most,
To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.
Nought can I do, a slave to death I pine:
Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine!

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Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide
  My thoughts and wishes, that my heart
Waver no more nor turn aside,
  But fix for ever where Thou art.
Thou art not far from us: who love Thee well
While yet on earth, in heaven with Thee may dwell.

"CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY"

CHARLES WESLEY. From his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
  Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

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Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death! is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perished all,
Partners in our parents' fall?
Second life we all receive,
In our Heavenly Adam live.[1]

Risen with Him, we upward move;
Still we seek the things above;
Still pursue and kiss the Son,
Seated on His Father's throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below;
Heaven our aim and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God:

Hid, till Christ our life appear
Glorious in His members here;

[1] Smoother:—

"Second life we now receive,
And in Christ for ever live."

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Joined to Him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

King of glory, Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

JESUS LIVES, AND SO SHALL I.

(*Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich.*)

From the German of CHR. FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1757. Another English translation, by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, commencing, "Jesus lives! no longer now Can thy terrors, Death, appall me."

JESUS lives, and so shall I:
Death, thy sting is gone for ever:
He who deigned for me to die,
Lives, the bands of death to sever.
He shall raise me with the just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and reigns supreme;
And, His kingdom still remaining,
I shall also be with Him.

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Ever living, ever reigning.
God has promised; be it must:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and God extends
Grace to each returning sinner;
Rebels He receives as friends,
And exalts to highest honor.
God is true as He is just:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and by His grace,
Victory o'er my passions giving,
I will cleanse my heart and ways,
Ever to His glory living.
Th' weak He raises from the dust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and I am sure
Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever:
Satan's wiles and Satan's power,
Pain or pleasure, ye shall never!
Christian armor cannot rust:
Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

Jesus lives, and death is now
But my entrance into glory.
Courage! then, my soul, for thou
Hast a crown of life before thee;
Thou shalt find thy hopes were just:
Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

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I SAY TO ALL MEN, FAR AND NEAR.

(*Ich sag es jedem, dass Er lebt.*)

From the German of FRIED. VON HARDENBERG, better known under the name of NOVALIS, d. 1801. Translated by C. WINKWORTH.

I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland:
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.

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The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach His Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare:
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In happier regions bear.

He lives: His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life!

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COME, YE SAINTS, LOOK HERE AND WONDER.

THOMAS KELLY: b. 1769, in Dublin; d. 1855. The first edition of his hymn book (96 hymns) appeared in Dublin, 1804; the seventh (with 765 hymns), in 1853.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder:
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

Jesus triumphs! Sing ye praises;
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises,
Thus He fills His foes with shame.
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! Countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

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MORNING BREAKS UPON THE TOMB.

WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER, D.D., LL.D.; b. 1782; minister at Peckham, Surrey; d. 1854. He published a Collection of Hymns, 1812.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies;
See the glorious Saviour rise.

Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade:
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

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AGAIN THE LORD OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

ANNE LETITIA BARBAULD, 1743–1825. From her collected works, published 1825, by her niece, Miss Lucy Aikin.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

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Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The Hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much Divine.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broke beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

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To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared, like Thee, to die,
With Thee that I may live.

SUN, SHINE FORTH IN ALL THY SPLENDOR.

(*Wandle leuchtender und schöner, Ostersonne, deinen Lauf.*)

From the German of C. J. P. Spitta (d. 1859), 1833. Trsl. by R. Massie, 1860.

SUN, shine forth in all thy splendor,
Joyfully pursue thy way;
For thy Lord and my Defender
Rose triumphant on this day.
When He bowed His head, sore troubled
Thou didst hide thyself in night;
Shine forth now with rays redoubled,
He is risen who is thy light.

Earth, be joyous and glad-hearted,
Spread out all thy vernal bloom;
For thy Lord is not departed,
He has broken through the tomb.
When the Lord expired, wide-yawning
Thy strong rocks were rent with fright;
Greet thy risen Lord this morning,
Bathed in floods of rosy light.

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Say, my soul, what preparation
  Makest thou for this high day,
When the God of thy salvation
  Opened through the tomb a way?
Dwellest thou with pure affection
  On this proof of power and love?
Doth thy Saviour's resurrection
  Raise thy thoughts to things above?

Hast thou, borne on Faith's strong pinion,
  Risen with the risen Lord?
And, released from sin's dominion,
  Into purer regions soared?
Or art thou, in spite of warning,
  Dead in trespasses and sin?
Hath to thee the purple morning
  No true Easter ushered in?

O, then, let not death o'ertake thee
  By the shades of night o'erspread!
See! thy Lord is come to wake thee,
  He is risen from the dead.
While the time as yet allows thee,
  Hear; the gracious Saviour cries,
"Sleeper, from thy sloth arouse thee,
  To new life at once arise."

See, with looks of tender pity
  He extends His wounded hands,

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Bidding thee, with fond entreaty,
Shake off sin's enthralling bands:
"Wait not for some future meetness,
Dread no punishment from me,
Rouse thyself, and taste the sweetness
Of the new life offered thee."

Let no precious time be wasted,
To new life arise at length:
He who death for thee hath tasted,
For new life will give new strength.
Try to rise, at once bestir thee,
Still press on and persevere;
Let no weariness deter thee,
He who woke thee still is near.

Waste not so much time in weighing
When and where thou shalt begin;
Too much thinking is delaying,
Rivets but the chain of sin.
He will help thee and provide thee
With a courage not thine own,
Bear thee in His arms and guide thee,
Till thou learn'st to walk alone.

See! thy Lord himself is risen,
That thou mightest also rise,
And emerge from sin's dark prison
To new life and open skies.

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Come to Him who can unbind thee,
And reverse thy awful doom;
Come to Him, and leave behind thee
Thy old life, — an empty tomb!

THE FOE BEHIND, THE DEEP BEFORE.

By Dr. JOHN MASON NEALE (d. 1866), 1851.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea;
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.
Lift up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now!
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!
The Lord shall reign victoriously!
Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow
Into peace and mirth!
Bondage ending,
Love descending
O'er the earth!
Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison:
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,
Christ hath risen!

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No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep
And every grave becomes a bed.
Now once more
Eden's door
Open stands to mortal eyes;
For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise.
Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope and joy and peace begin:
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high;
It is not sadness, peace from strife:
To fall asleep is not to die;
To dwell with Christ is better life.
Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go;
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe.
His right arm is o'er us,
He will guide us through:
Christ hath gone before us;
Christians, follow you!

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THE LORD OF LIFE IS RISEN!

(*Der Herr ist auferstanden.*)

From the German of Dr. J. P. LANGE, Professor in Bonn (editor of the well-known *Bibelwerk*), 1851. Translated, at the request of the editor, by Dr. HENRY HARBAUGH, Mercersburg, Pa., who died, Dec. 28, 1867, before he saw this in print. Contributed. Dr. Lange was born near Elberfeld, 1802, died in Bonn, 1884.

THE Lord of life is risen!
Sing, Easter heralds! sing:
He burst His rocky prison,
Wide let the triumph ring.
Tell how the graves are quaking,
The saints their fetters breaking;
Sing, heralds: Jesus lives!

In death no longer lying,
He rose, the Prince, to-day:
Life of the dead and dying,
He triumphed o'er decay.
The Lord of Life is risen,
In ruins lies Death's prison,
Its keeper bound in chains.

We hear, in Thy blest greeting,
Salvation's work is done!
We worship Thee, repeating,
Life for the dead is won!

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O Head of all believing!
O Joy of all the grieving!
Unite us, Lord, to Thee.

Here at Thy tomb, O Jesus!
How sweet the morning's breath!
We hear in all the breezes,
Where is thy sting, O Death!
Dark Hell flies in commotion;
While, far o'er earth and ocean,
Loud Hallelujahs ring!

O publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth!
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth!
Till, rising from their slumbers,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the risen light.

Hail, hail, our Jesus risen!
Sing, ransomed brethren! sing;
Through Death's dark, gloomy prison,
Let Easter chorals ring.
Haste, haste, ye captive legions!
Come forth from sin's dark regions,
In Jesus' Kingdom live.

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THE TOMB IS EMPTY.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, Second Series, 1861.

THE tomb is empty; wouldst thou have it full?
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay:
O weak in faith, O slow of heart and dull,
To dote on darkness, and shut out the day!

The tomb is empty; He who, three short days,
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,
He who for death gave death, and life for life;
Our heavenly Kinsman, our true flesh and blood;
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,
While angels went and came from morn till even,
Our truer Jacob laid his wearied head;
This was to him the very gate of heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, He to whom
The keys of death and of the grave belong,
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

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Here Death had reign'd; into no tomb like this
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way;
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,
So vast a treasure, so divine a prey.

But now his triumph ends; the rock-barred door
Is opened wide, and the Great Pris'ner gone:
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor,
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes: Death's last hope, his strongest fort and prison,
Is shattered, never to be built again;
And He, the mighty Captive, He is risen,
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last;
Who was and is; who liveth and was dead:
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed,
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head

The tomb is empty; so, ere long, shall be
The tombs of all who in this Christ repose;
They died with Him who died upon the tree,
They live and rise with Him who lived and rose.

Death has not slain them; they are freed, not slain.
It is the gate of life, and not of death,
That they have entered; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

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All that was death in them is now dissolved;
For death can only what is death's destroy;
And, when this earth's short ages have revolved,
The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain
And mortal weariness is over now:
Youth, health, and comeliness return again;
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest,
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,
Soon to awake all glorified and blest,
When day has broke and shadows fled away.

ANGELS, ROLL THE ROCK AWAY.

From the Protestant-Episcopal Collection, prepared by Drs. BURGESS, COXE, MUHLENBERG, and other eminent Episcopalians, as an Appendix to the Common-Prayer Book, and publ. Philad. 1861. It is there ascribed to "Gibbons," but is based upon an older and longer hymn of THOMAS SCOTT (a Presbyterian minister with Arian sentiments, at Lowestoft in Suffolk, who published 104 *Lyric Poems and Hymns*, mostly of inferior merit, 1773), commencing: "Trembling earth gave awful signs." It was transferred to the *Warrington Collection* (p. 77), in seven verses, with a "Hallelujah" after each verse. It was altered by the Rev. THOMAS GIBBONS (a Congregational minister in England, 1720–1785), and passed through various transformations. The following reads almost like another hymn, but is at least equal to the original.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

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Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee
Now and evermore shall be!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

O JESUS! WHEN I THINK OF THEE.

By GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D.; died 1862, on a Sabbath, in Florence, on which he preached his last sermon. First published in his *Memoir*, by Dr. A. R. van Nest, New York, 1867, p. 423.

O JESUS! when I think of Thee,
Thy manger, cross, and throne,
My spirit trusts exultingly
In Thee, and Thee alone.

I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

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In each a brother's love I trace
By power divine exprest,
One in Thy Father God's embrace,
As on Thy mother's breast.

For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

AWAKE, GLAD SOUL! AWAKE! AWAKE!

By JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D., Vicar of Egham. From his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, Lond. 1863. "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—*Isa.* lx. 1.

AWAKE, glad soul! awake! awake!
Thy Lord hath risen long,
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;

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Where life is waking all around,
  Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright Blossom may be found
  Of an Eternal Spring.

O Love! which lightens all distress,
  Love, death cannot destroy:
O Grave! whose very emptiness
  To Faith is full of joy,
Let but that Love our hearts supply
  From Heaven's exhaustless Spring,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory?
  And, Death, where is thy sting?

The shade and gloom of life are fled
  This Resurrection-day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
  The grave hath no more prey:
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
  In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
  He wipes from all our eyes.

And every bird and every tree
  And every opening flower
Proclaim His glorious victory,
  His resurrection-power:
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,
  With vernal verdure spread;

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The little hills lift up their voice,
And shout that Death is dead.

Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in his resurrection take,
And comfort in His word;
And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died, and rose for me."

IN THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION.

By Dr CHR. WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, died 1885. From his *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays and Holydays*, &c., 3d ed., London, 1863, p. 105.

IN Thy glorious Resurrection,
Lord, we see a world's erection:
Man in Thee is glorified;
Bliss for which the Patriarchs panted,
Joys by ancient sages chanted,
Now in Thee are verified.

Oracles of former ages,
Veiled in dim prophetic pages,
Now lie open to the sight;

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Now the Types, which glimmered darkling
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling
In the blaze of noonday light.

Isaac from the wood is risen;
Joseph issues from the prison;
See the Paschal Lamb which saves.
Israel through the sea is landed;
Pharaoh and his hosts are stranded,
And o'erwhelmèd in the waves.

See the cloudy Pillar leading,
Rock refreshing, Manna feeding;
Joshua fights, and Moses prays:
See the lifted Wave-sheaf, cheering
Pledge of Harvest-fruits appearing,
Joyful dawn of happy days.

Samson see at night uptearing
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing
To the top of Hebron's hill;
Jonah comes from stormy surges,
From his three days' grave emerges,
Bids beware of coming ill.

Thus Thy Resurrection's glory
Sheds a light on ancient story;
And it casts a forward ray, —
Beacon-light of solemn warning,

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To the dawn of that great morning
Ushering in the Judgment-Day.

Ever since Thy death and rising
Thou the nations art baptizing
In Thy death's similitude;
Dead to sin, and ever dying,
And our members mortifying,
May we walk with life renewed!

Forth, from Thy first Easter going,
Sundays are for ever flowing
Onward to a boundless sea;
Lord, may they for Thee prepare us,
On a holy river bear us
To a calm eternity!

Glory be to God the Father,
And to Him who all does gather
In Himself, the Eternal Son,
And the dead to life upraises;
And to Holy Ghost be praises:
Glory to the Three in One.

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SING ALOUD, CHILDREN!

An Easter hymn for children, by the Rev. Dr. A. R. THOMPSON, New York, 1865 Contributed.

SING aloud, children! sing to the glorious King
Of Redemption, who sits on the throne;
For the seraphim high veil their faces, and cry,
And the angels are praising the Son.

With His raiment blood-dyed, and with wounds in His side,
He returns like a chief from the war,
Where His champion blow hath laid death and hell low,
And hath driven destruction afar.

Not a helper stood by when the foemen drew nigh,
And arrayed their leagued hosts for the fight;
But He met them alone, and the victory won
By His own irresistible might.

Yes! the triumph He won! Give the Crucified Son
Hallelujahs of praise ever new;
Hail Him, children, and say, Hallelujah! to-day;
For the Saviour is risen for you.

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WHY SHOULD THESE EYES BE TEARFUL?

"The Victory of Faith." 1 Cor. xv. 57. By Dr. Ray Palmer. From his *Hymns of my Holy Hours*, New York, 1867. Written 1867.

WHY should these eyes be tearful
For years too swiftly fled?
And why these feet be fearful
The onward path to tread?
Why should a chill come o'er me
At thoughts of death as near?
Or when I see before me
The silent gates appear?

Behold my Saviour dying!
I hear His parting breath;
Entombed I see Him lying,
A captive held of death;
Yet peacefully He sleepeth,
No foe disturbs Him now,
And love divine still keepeth
Its impress on His brow.

But lo! the seal is broken!
Rolled back the mighty stone,
In vain was set the token
That friend and foe should own.
The weeping Mary bending
Sees not her Saviour there;

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But sons of light attending
A joyful message bear.

The Lord is risen: He liveth,
The First-born from the dead;
To Him the Father giveth
To be creation's Head.
O'er all for ever reigning,
Of death He holds the keys;
And hell — His might constraining —
Obeys His high decrees.

Flies now the gloom that shaded
The vale of death to me;
The terrors that invaded
Are lost, O Christ, in Thee!
The grave, no more appalling,
Invites me to repose;
Asleep in Jesus falling,
To rise as Jesus rose.

Oh! when to life awaking,
The night for ever gone,
My soul, this dust forsaking,
Puts incorruption on,
Lord, in Thy lustre shining,
In Thine own beauty drest,
My sun no more declining,
Thy service be my rest!

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THE ASCENSION.

"And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." — Acts i. 9.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." — Col. iii. 2.

O LORD JESUS, who sittest at the right hand of God the Father, as King of saints and eternal High Priest, far above all principality and power, and every name that is named: give us grace, we beseech Thee, that, being delivered from the curse and power of sin, we may ever seek the things that are above; and, when Thou who art our life shalt appear, we also may appear with Thee in glory everlasting, to praise and to enjoy Thee, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Qui penetravit inferas
Domos Redemptor pacifer,
Se fert in sedes superas
Mundi supremus arbiter.

Ab ascendente ducitur
Regnatura captivitas:
Palma victis asseritur,
Mortuis immortalitas.

Daniel, II. 367.

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THE ASCENSION.

A HYMN OF GLORY LET US SING.

(*Hymnum canamus gloriæ.*)

By Beda Venerabilis, an Anglo-Saxon monk and presbyter at Yarrow, the most learned man of his age, d. 735. Daniel, I. p. 206; Schaff (German translation) No. 143. Translated by Mrs. Charles (*Christian Life in Song*, p. 141).

A HYMN of glory let us sing;
New songs throughout the world shall ring;
By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

The apostles on the mountain stand,—
The mystic mount, in Holy Land;
They, with the Virgin-mother, see
Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven:
"Why stand ye gazing into heaven?
This is the Saviour,—this is He!
Jesus hath triumphed gloriously!"

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They said the Lord should come again,
As these beheld Him rising then,
Calm soaring through the radiant sky,
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own!

Be Thou our present joy, O Lord!
Who wilt be ever our reward;
And, as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee!

EXALT, EXALT, THE HEAVENLY.

(Ἐπάρατε πυλάς.)

From the Greek of ST. JOSEPH, THE HYMNOGRAPHER, died 883. This most prolific of Greek hymn-writers was a Sicilian by birth; became a monk at Thessalonica and Constantinople; for some years, a slave in Crete; a friend of Photius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, whom he followed into exile. His hymns are tedious, full of verbiage and bombast, and unsuited to our taste. But his canon for Ascension is highly praised by Dr. J. M. NEALE as equal to the hymns of John of Damascus. The following is the third ode of this canon, from NEALE'S *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, p. 143.

"EXALT, exalt, the heavenly gates,
Ye chiefs of mighty name!
The Lord and King of all things waits,
Enrobed in earthly frame:"

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So to the higher seats they cry,
The humbler legions of the sky.

For Adam, by the serpent's guile,
Distressed, deceived, o'erthrown,
Thou left'st Thy native home awhile,
Thou left'st the Father's throne:
Now he is decked afresh with grace,
Thou seek'st once more the heavenly place.

Glad festal keeps the earth to-day,
Glad festal heaven is keeping:
The ascension-pomp, in bright array,
Goes proudly skyward sweeping;
The Lord the mighty deed hath done,
And joined the severed into one.

JESUS, LORD OF LIFE ETERNAL.

(Ἰησοῦς ὁ Ζωοδότης.)

From the Greek of JOSEPH, THE HYMNOGRAPHER, died 883, by Dr. NEALE.

JESUS, Lord of life eternal,
Taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the mount of Olives,
And His Own the last time blest:
Then, though He had never left it,
Sought again His FATHER's breast.

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Know, O world! this highest festal:
  Floods and oceans, clap your hands!
Angels, raise the song of triumph;
  Make response, ye distant lands;
For our flesh is knit to Godhead,
  Knit in everlasting bands.

Loosing death with all its terrors,
  Thou ascendedst up on high;
And to mortals, now Immortal,
  Gavest immortality,
As Thine own disciples saw Thee
  Mounting Victor to the sky.

ON EARTH AWHILE, 'MID SUFFERINGS.

(*In terris adhuc positam.*)

By PETER ABELARD (1079–1142), the celebrated schoolman, and unfortunate friend of Heloise. Translated by the Rev. Dr. E. A. WASHBURN, New York, June, 1863. Contributed.

ON earth awhile, 'mid sufferings tried,
  Still hears the Church, the holy Bride,
Her Lord from heaven, calling with daily cry,
Bidding her heart ascend to Him on high.

"Draw me," she answers, "after Thee;
Stretch Thy right hand to succor me:

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On wingèd winds Thou soarest to the skies;
Without Thy wings, how can I thither rise?"

Ask for the pinions of the dove,
To hasten to that nest of love;
Ask thou the eagle's plumes of tireless might,
That thou may'st climb to the eternal height.

Both wings and eyes will He bestow,
That thou the sun's unclouded glow
With thine undazzled glances may'st behold,
And drink the blessedness to man untold.

Only to wingèd beings given
Is that fair home of upper heaven;
And there the holy soul finds kindred place,
To whom our God shall grant the wings of grace.

TO-DAY ABOVE THE SKY HE SOARED.

(*Cælos ascendit hodie.*)

Translated, from the Latin of the 12th century, by Dr. NEALE (*Mediæval Hymns*, p 173). Another translation, by J. W. HEWETT, in SHIPLEY'S *Lyra Messianica*, p 419 ("The King of glory, Christ most high, Ascends this day above the sky," &c.)

TO-DAY above the sky He soared:
Hallelujah!
The King of glory, Christ the Lord!
Hallelujah!

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He sitteth on the Father's hand:
Hallelujah!
And ruleth sky and sea and land:
Hallelujah!

Now all things have their end foretold·
Hallelujah!
In holy David's song of old:
Hallelujah!

My Lord is seated with the Lord:
Hallelujah!
Upon the throne of God adored:
Hallelujah!

In this great triumph of our King,
Hallelujah!
To God on high all praise we bring:
Hallelujah!

To Him all thanks and laud give we:
Hallelujah!
The ever-blessed Trinity!
Hallelujah!

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O CHRIST, WHO HAST PREPARED.

(*Nobis Olympo redditus.*)

From the Latin, by the Rev. J. CHANDLER (*Hymns of the Primitive Church*, pp. 86 and 204).

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love!

Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain,
How boundless our eternal gain!

With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art:
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost, to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

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O future Judge, Eternal Lord,
Thy name be hallowed and adored!
To God the Father, King of heaven,
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.

O JESU, WHO ART GONE BEFORE.

(*O Christe, qui noster poli.*)

From the Latin, by J. CHANDLER (l. c. p. 87).

O JESU, who art gone before
To Thy blest realms of light,
Oh, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight!

Make us to those delights aspire,
Which spring from love to Thee,
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,
Which faith alone can see:

When to His saints, as their reward,
Himself Jehovah gives,
And thus its all-sufficient Lord
The faithful soul receives.

To guide us to Thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
Oh, may Thy Holy Ghost be poured
Upon us from on high!

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Praise to the Father and the Son,
Who dwells aloft in heaven:
And to the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise be given.

TO-DAY OUR LORD WENT UP.

(*Auf diesen Tag bedenken wir.*)

From the German of JOHANN ZWICK (the editor of the first German Reformed Hymn-Book, Zürich, 1540). The best hymn of this author. Translated by Miss C WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 73). The original has six stanzas.

TO-DAY our Lord went up on high,
And so our songs we raise:
To Him with strong desire we cry
To keep us in His grace;
For we poor sinners here beneath
Are dwelling still 'mid woe and death.
All hope in Him we place:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Thank God that now the way is made!
The cherub-guarded door,
Through Him on whom our help was laid,
Stands open evermore;
Who knoweth this is glad at heart,
And swift prepares him to depart
Where Christ is gone before:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

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Our heavenward course begins when we
Have found our Father, God,
And join us to His sons, and flee
The paths that once we trod;
For He looks down, and they look up:
They feel His love, they live in hope,
Until they meet their Lord:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Then all the depths of joy that lie
In this day we shall know,
When we are made like Him on high,
Whom we confess below;
When, bathed in life's eternal flood,
We dwell with Him, the highest Good:
God grant us this to know!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

SINCE CHRIST IS GONE TO HEAVEN.

(*Allein auf Christi Himmelfahrt.*)

JOSUA WEGELIN, 1637. Translated from the German, by C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 75).

SINCE Christ is gone to heaven, His home
I, too, must one day share;
And in this hope I overcome
All anguish, all despair;

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For where the Head is, well we know
The members He hath left below
  In time He gathers there.

Since Christ hath reached His glorious throne
  And mighty gifts are His,
My heart can rest in heaven alone;
  On earth my Lord I miss:
I long to be with Him on high,
And heart and thoughts would hourly fly
  Where now my treasure is.

From Thy ascension let such grace,
  My Lord, be found in me,
That steadfast faith may guide my ways
  Unfaltering up to Thee,
And at Thy voice I may depart
With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art;
  Oh, grant this prayer to me!

LO, GOD TO HEAVEN ASCENDETH!

(*Gott fähret auf gen Himmel.*)

From the German of GOTTFRIED WILHELM SACER (1635–1699). "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet."—*Ps.* xlvii. 5. Trsl. by Miss FRANCES ELIZABETH COX (*Sacred Hymns from the German*, Lond. 1841, p. 39).

LO, God to heaven ascendeth!
  Throughout its regions vast,
With shouts triumphant blendeth
  The trumpet's thrilling blast:

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Sing praise to Christ the Lord,
  Sing praise with exultation,
  King of each heathen nation!
The God of Hosts adored!

With joy is heaven resounding,
  Christ's glad return to see;
Behold the saints surrounding
  The Lord who set them free:
Bright myriads thronging come;
  The cherub band rejoices,
  And loud seraphic voices
Welcome Messiah home.

No more the way is hidden,
  Since Christ our Head arose:
No more to man forbidden
  The road to heaven that goes.
Our Lord is gone before,
  But here He will not leave us;
  In heaven He'll soon receive us:
He opens wide the door.

Christ is our place preparing,
  To heaven we, too, shall rise,
And, joys angelic sharing,
  Be where our treasure lies:
There may each heart be found!
  Where Jesus Christ has entered,

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There let our hopes be centred,
Our course still heavenward bound!

May we, His servants, thither
In heart and mind ascend,
And let us sing together,
"We seek Thee, Christ our Friend.
Thee, God's Anointed Son!
Our Life, and Way to heaven,
To whom all power is given,
Our Joy and Hope and Crown!"

When, on our vision dawning,
Will break the wished-for hour
Of that all-glorious morning,
When Christ shall come with power?
O come, thou welcome Day!
When we, our Saviour meeting,
His second advent greeting,
Shall hail the heaven-sent ray.

HOSANNA TO THE PRINCE OF LIGHT!

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who clothed Himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

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Death is no more the king of dread,
  Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
  And conquered all our foes.

See, how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
  And to His Father flies!
With scars of honor in His flesh,
  And triumph in His eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
  And scatters blessings down
From the right hand of Majesty,
  On the celestial throne.

Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
  To reach this blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
  To our incarnate God.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
  Your sweetest voices raise!
Let heaven, and all created things,
  Sound our Immanuel's praise!

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HEAVENWARD DOTH OUR JOURNEY.

(*Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.*)

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE, 1731. Translated by Miss C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 439).

HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth;
Through the wilderness we wend
Towards the Canaan of our birth.
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim;
There is nought of earthly things
Worthy to be all thine aim:
Every soul whom God inspires,
Back to Him its Source aspires.

Heavenward! doth His Spirit cry,
When I hear Him in His Word,
Showing thus the rest on high,
Where I shall be with my Lord:
When His Word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my soul is caught.

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Heavenward ever would I haste,
When Thy Table, Lord, is spread;
Heavenly strength on earth I taste,
Feeding on the Living Bread.
Such is e'en on earth our fare
Who Thy marriage feast shall share.

Heavenwards! faith discerns the prize
That is waiting us afar;
And my heart would swiftly rise,
High o'er sun and moon and star,
To that Light behind the veil
Where all earthly splendors pale.

Heavenward, Death shall lead at last,
To the home where I would be:
All my sorrows overpast,
I shall triumph there with Thee,
Jesus, who hast gone before,
That we, too, might heavenward soar.

Heavenwards! Heavenwards! only this
Is my watchword on the earth;
For the love of heavenly bliss
Counting all things little worth.
Heavenward all my being tends,
Till in heaven my journey ends.

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CONQUERING PRINCE AND LORD OF GLORY.

(*Siegesfürst und Ehrenkönig.*)

From the German of GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, a deeply spiritual hymnist, 1731 Translated by Miss C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 76; changed, 1862).

CONQUERING Prince and Lord of glory,
Majesty enthroned in light!
All the heavens are bowed before Thee,
Far beyond them spreads Thy might.
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is displayed,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

As I watch Thee far ascending
To the right hand of the throne,
See the host before Thee bending,
Praising Thee in sweetest tone,
Shall I not, too, at Thy feet
Hear the angels' strain repeat,
And rejoice that heaven doth sing
With the triumph of my King?

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Power and Spirit are overflowing;
On me also be they poured:
Every hinderance overthrowing,
Make Thy foes Thy footstool, Lord.
Yea, let earth's remotest end
To Thy righteous sceptre bend;
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.

Lo, Thy presence now is filling
All Thy Church in every place!
Fill my heart, too: make me willing
In this season of Thy grace.
Come, Thou King of glory! come:
Deign to make my heart Thy home:
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne.

Thou art leaving me, yet bringing
God and heaven most inly near:
From this earthly life upspringing,
As though still I saw Thee here,
Let my heart, transplanted hence,
Strange to earth and time and sense,
Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
Where our only joy art Thou!

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HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE!

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY. From his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. In *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, this hymn is so radically changed as to be hardly recognizable.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,[1]
Re-ascends His native heaven.

There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!"

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin;
Take the King of glory in!

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

[1] Or:—
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given.

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See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Master (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.

There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

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OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead:
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in!
Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

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Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The king of saints and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

The Coronation. By the Rev. EDWARD PERRONET, for some time an associate of the Wesleys: afterwards employed by Lady Huntingdon; then pastor of a dissenting congregation; d. at Canterbury, in 1792. He published, in 1785, a rare small volume of *Occasional Verses, Moral and Social*, a copy of which is preserved in the library of the British Museum. This hymn is full of joyous inspiration, and is very popular in America. It is often erroneously ascribed to Duncan, and others, and arbitrarily changed, or abridged. The complete hymn was first given 1780, with the title "On the Resurrection, the Lord is King." I here give a copy of the original as I took it down in the British Museum.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face, who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning-stars of light!
Who fixed this floating ball;

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Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line, —
Whom David, Lord did call, —
The God incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe, and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all!

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SOFT CLOUD, THAT, WHILE THE BREEZE OF MAY.

By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, D.D. (died 1866). From his *Christian Year* (140th ed., 1873). "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." — *Acts* i. 11.

SOFT cloud, that, while the breeze of May
Chants her glad matins in the leafy arch,
Draw'st thy bright veil across the heavenly way,
Meet pavement for an angel's glorious march:

My soul is envious of mine eye,
That it should soar and glide with thee so fast,
The while my grovelling thoughts half-buried lie,
Or lawless roam around this earthly waste.

Chains of my heart, avaunt, I say:
I will arise, and in the strength of love
Pursue the bright track ere it fade away,
My Saviour's pathway to His home above.

Sure, when I reach the point where earth
Melts into nothing from th' uncumbered sight,
Heaven will o'ercome th' attraction of my birth,
And I shall sink in yonder sea of light:

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Till resting by th' incarnate LORD,
Once bleeding, now triumphant for my sake,
I mark Him, — how, by seraph hosts adored,
He to earth's lowest cares is still awake.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space, beyond the soar of angel wings,
Wait on His word; and yet He stays His car
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.

He listens to the silent tear,
For all the anthems of the boundless sky,
And shall our dreams of music bar our ear
To His soul-piercing voice for ever nigh?

Nay, gracious Saviour; but as now
Our thoughts have traced Thee to Thy glory throne,
So help us ever more with Thee to bow
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan.

We must not stand to gaze too long,
Though on unfolding Heaven our gaze we bend.
Where, lost behind the bright angelic throng,
We see CHRIST's entering triumph slow ascend.

No fear but we shall soon behold,
Faster than now it fades, that gleam revive,
When, issuing from His cloud of fiery gold,
Our wasted frames feel the true Sun, and live.

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Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,
For ever fixed in no unfruitful gaze,
But such as lifts the new-created heart,
Age after age, in worthier love and praise.

LAMB, THE ONCE CRUCIFIED!

(*Lamm, das gelitten, und Löwe, der siegreich gerungen.*)

From the German of Mrs. Dr. META HEUSSER-SCHWEIZER, the most gifted and sweetest of female poets in the German tongue; born, 1797, at Hirzel, near Zürich, Switzerland, where she resided in modest retirement, died 1876. This truly sublime hymn is the second part of a larger hymn composed in spring, 1831, and has passed into several German hymn-books (SCHAFF, Nos. 149 and 388). Translated, April, 1868, at the request of the editor, by the Rev. Professor THOMAS C. PORTER, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., who has successfully overcome the unusual difficulties of the German dactylic metre (adapted to the favorite choral, "Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren"). Albert Knapp has edited a collection of poems of Mrs. H., under the title *Lieder einer Verborgenen*, Leipzig, 1858; a second collection, under her proper name, appeared 1867. They are apples of gold in baskets of silver, and exhibit a rare union of lofty genius and humble piety. A selection of her poems, translated by Miss JANE BORTHWICK under the title of *Alpine Lyrics*, appeared 1875.

LAMB, the once crucified! Lion, by triumph surrounded!
Victim all bloody, and Hero, who hell hast confounded!
Pain-riven Heart,
That from earth's deadliest smart
O'er all the heavens hast bounded![1]

[1] The first stanza is truly classical in thought and expression, but almost untranslatable:—

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Thou in the depths wert to mortals the highest revealing,
God in humanity veiled, Thy full glory concealing!
"Worthy art Thou!"
Shouteth eternity now,
Praise to Thee endlessly pealing.

Heavenly Love, in the language of earth past expression!
Lord of all worlds, unto whom every tongue owes confession!
Didst Thou not go,
And, under sentence of woe,
Rescue the doomed by transgression?

O'er the abyss of the grave, and its horrors infernal,
Victory's palm Thou art waving in triumph supernal:
Who to Thee cling,
Circled by hope, shall now bring
Out of its gulf life eternal.

"Lamm, das gelitten, und Löwe, der siegreich gerungen!
Blutendes Opfer, und Held, der die Hölle bezwungen!
Brechendes Herz,
Das sich aus irdischem Schmerz
Ueber die Himmel geschwungen!"

The whole range of German poetry furnishes no finer specimen of dactylic versification. What sublime contrasts, and what noble language!

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Son of Man, Saviour, in whom, with deep tenderness blending,
Infinite Pity to wretches her balm is extending,
On Thy dear breast,
Weary and numb, they may rest,
Quickened to joy never ending.

Strange condescension! immaculate Purity, deigning
Union with souls where the vilest pollution is reigning,
Beareth their sin,
Seeketh the fallen to win,
Even the lowest regaining.

Sweetly persuasive, to me, too, Thy call has resounded;
Melting my heart so obdurate, Thy love has abounded;
Back to the fold,
Led by Thy hand, I behold
Grace all my path has surrounded.

Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! who, thy pardon assuring,
Heals thy diseases, and grants thee new life ever during,
Joy amid woe,
Peace amid strife here below,
Unto thee ever securing.

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Upward, on pinions celestial, to regions of pleasure,
Into the land whose bright glories no mortal can measure,
Strong hope and love
Bear Thee, the fulness to prove
Of Thy salvation's rich treasure.

There, as He is, we shall view Him, with rapture abiding,
Cheered even here by His glance, when the darkness dividing
Lets down a ray,
Over the perilous way
Thousands of wanderers guiding.

Join, O my voice! the vast chorus, with trembling emotion:
Chorus of saints, who, though sundered by land and by ocean,
With sweet accord
Praise the same glorious Lord,
One in their ceaseless devotion.

Break forth, O nature! in song, when the spring tide is nighest;
World that hast seen His salvation, no longer thou sighest!
Shout, starry train,
From your empyreal plain,
"Glory to God in the highest!"

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SEE, THE CONQUEROR.

By CHR. WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, died 1885. From his *Hymns for the Holy Year*, London, 1862, p. 129. Verses 6, 7, and 10 (a doxology) are omitted.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds His chariot,
To His heavenly palace-gate;
Hark, the choirs of angel-voices
Joyful Hallelujahs sing!
And the portals high are lifted,
To receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of Jubilee?
LORD of battles, GOD of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
With His blood within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;

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Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to GOD's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand;
JESUS reigns, adored by angels;
Man with GOD is on the throne;
Mighty LORD, in Thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with CHRIST our LORD may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In the heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

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HE IS GONE; BEYOND THE SKIES.

A. P. STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster, born at Alderley, 1815, died at Westminster, 1881. Now printed in full from a MS. copy presented by the author in 1869.

HE is gone — beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes:
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight:
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place:
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone — and we return,
And our hearts within us burn;
Olivet no more shall greet
With welcome shout His coming feet:
Never shall we track Him more
On Gennesareth's glistening shore:
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone — and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which He has left,
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue:
Seek Him both in friend or foe,
In ourselves His image show.

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He is gone — we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away;"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Tho' Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be —
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone — towards their goal,
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone — but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came.
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare:
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone — but, not in vain,
Wait, until He comes again:
He is risen, He is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere:

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Evermore in heart and mind,
Where our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

SING, O HEAVENS! O EARTH, REJOICE!

By JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D. From his *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863.

SING, O Heavens! O Earth, rejoice!
Angel harp and human voice,
Round Him, as He rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise:
Hallelujah!

Bruisèd is the serpent's head,
Hell is vanquished, Death is dead;
And to Christ, gone up on high
Captive is captivity:
Hallelujah!

All His work and warfare done,
He into His heaven is gone,
And, beside His Father's throne,
Now is pleading for His own:
Hallelujah!

Asking gifts for sinful men,
That He may come down again,
And, the fallen to restore,
In them dwell for evermore:
Hallelujah!

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CHRIST IN GLORY.

HIS INTERCESSION AND REIGN

"And [God] hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." — Eph. i. 22, 23.

"Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." — Rom. viii. 34.

"We have such an High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." — Heb. viii. 1.

THOU art the King of glory, O Christ!
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man,
Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God,
In the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants,
Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints,
In glory everlasting. Amen.

From the Te Deum.

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CHRIST IN GLORY.

HIS INTERCESSION AND REIGN.

CHRIST, THOU THE CHAMPION.

(Christe, Du Beistand Deiner Kreuzgemeine.)

From the German of MATTHAEUS APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN, a statesman. b. 1594, d. 1648. Author of thirty hymns. This hymn was written, 1644, during the Thirty Years' War. "Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." — *John* xvi. 33. Translated by C. WINKWORTH (*Lyra Germ.*, I. 105). It was a favorite hymn of Niebuhr and Bunsen.

CHRIST, Thou the champion of the band who own
Thy cross, oh, make Thy succor quickly known!
The schemes of those who long our blood have sought
Bring Thou to nought.

Do Thou Thyself for us Thy children fight,
Withstand the devil, quell his rage and might,
Whate'er assails Thy members left below,
Do Thou o'erthrow.

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And give us peace: peace in the church and school,
Peace to the powers who o'er our country rule,
Peace to the conscience, peace within the heart,
Do Thou impart.

So shall Thy goodness here be still adored,
Thou guardian of Thy little flock, dear Lord;
And heaven and earth through all eternity
Shall worship Thee.

MY JESUS, IF THE SERAPHIM.

(*Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen.*)

The eternal Priesthood of Christ. By WOLFGANG CHRISTOPH DESSLER, 1691. (SCHAFF, No. 150). Translated by C. WINKWORTH, under the title, "The Throne of Grace" (*Lyra Germ.*, II. 78).

MY Jesus, if the seraphim,
The burning host that near Thee stand,
Before Thy Majesty are dim,
And veil their face at Thy command;
How shall these mortal eyes of mine,
Now dark with evil's hateful night,
Endure to gaze upon the light
That aye surrounds that throne of Thine?

Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord!
To pierce within the Holy Place;
For I am saved and Thou adored,
If I am quickened by Thy grace.

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Behold, O King! before Thy throne
My soul in lowly love doth bend,
O show Thyself her gracious Friend!
And say, "I choose thee for Mine own."

Have mercy, Lord of Love! for long
My spirit for Thy mercy sighs:
My inmost soul hath found a tongue,
"Be merciful, O God!" she cries:
I know Thou wilt not bid me go,
Thou canst not be ungracious, Lord,
To one for whom Thy blood was poured,
Whose guilt was cancelled by Thy woe.

Here in Thy gracious hands I fall,
To Thee I cling with faith's embrace:
O righteous Sovereign, hear my call!
And turn, O turn, to me in grace!
For through Thy sorrows I am just,
And guilt no more in me is found:
Thus reconciled, my soul is bound
To Thee in endless love and trust.

And let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy light from me away;
Thy grace be ever at my side,
That from the path I may not stray
That Thou dost love, but evermore
In steadfast faith my course fulfil,
And keep Thy word, and do Thy will,
Thy love within, Thy heaven before!

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Reach down, and arm me with Thy hand,
And strengthen me with inner might,
That I, through faith, may strive and stand,
Though craft and force against me fight:
So shall the kingdom of Thy love
Be through me and within me spread,
That honors Thee, our glorious Head,
And crowneth us in realms above.

Yes, yes, to Thee my soul would cleave:
O choose it, Saviour, for Thy throne!
Couldst Thou in love to me once leave
The glory that was all Thine own?
So honor Thou my life and heart
That Thou mayst find a heaven in me;
And, when this house decayed shall be,
Then grant the heaven where now Thou art.

To Thee I rise in faith on high:
Oh, bend Thou down in love to me!
Let nothing rob me of this joy,
That all my soul is filled with Thee:
As long as I have life and breath,
Thee will I honor, fear, and love;
And when this heart hath ceased to move,
Yet Love shall live and conquer death.

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JESUS SHALL REIGN.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D., 1719. Ps. lxxii.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations, at His word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

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Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

BEHOLD THE GLORIES OF THE LAMB!

ISAAC WATTS, D.D., 1674–1748. "A new song to the Lamb that was slain."—*Rev.* v. 6, 8–12.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne!
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

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Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

Eternal Father, who shall look
Into Thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book,
And open every seal?

He shall fulfil Thy great decrees:
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in His hand the sov'reign keys
Of heaven and death and hell!

Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

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REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING.

Rev. Charles Wesley, 1745.

REJOICE! the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore·
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

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He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

NOW LET OUR CHEERFUL EYES SURVEY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.; born in London, 1702; died at Lisbon, 1751.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate His constant care,
His sympathy and love.

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Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the heavenly host,
With matchless honor crowned, —

The names of all His saints He bears,
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

WHERE HIGH THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.

MICHAEL BRUCE, 1746–1767.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

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He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears and agonies and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

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HE WHO ON EARTH AS MAN WAS KNOWN.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. From the *Olney Hymns*, No. 59. On Isa. xxxii. 2.

HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill;
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey His sovereign will.

While harps unnumbered sound His praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways,
And glory in His love.

His righteousness, to faith revealed,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.

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This land, through which His pilgrims go,
  Is desolate and dry;
But streams of grace from Him o'erflow,
  Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
  Beat heavy on their head,
To this Almighty Rock they run,
  And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious He! how happy they
  In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
  And crowns them at the end.

THE HEAD THAT ONCE WAS CROWNED.

Rev. Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
  Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
  The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
  Is His, is His by right, —
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
  And heaven's eternal Light!

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The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them, the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's health,
Their everlasting theme.

THE ATONING WORK IS DONE.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY; died, at Dublin, 1855.

THE atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead;

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He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon His breast.

He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice hath withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
An heavenly priesthood His;
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

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HOSANNA! RAISE THE PEALING HYMN.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL (1833), clergyman of the Church of England, born 1793, died 1870.

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With Cherubim and Seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy Blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;
Thy Name, our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

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O Saviour! if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

SEE, THE RANSOMED MILLIONS STAND!

JOSIAH CONDER, a publisher and editor; b. in London, 1789; d. 1855.

SEE, the ransomed millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand!
This before the throne their strain:
"Hell is vanquished; death is slain;
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall;
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!"

Hasten, Lord! the promised hour;
Come in glory and in power;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued;
Nature sighs to be renewed:
Time has nearly reached its sum,
All things with Thy Bride say, Come;
Jesus whom all worlds adore,
Come and reign for evermore!

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JESUS IS GOD! THE SOLID EARTH.

"Jesus is God." By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D. Born 1814; graduated in Oxford, 1836; rector of Elton in Northamptonshire; entered the Roman-Catholic Church, 1845; priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri; died 1863. One of the most fervent devotional writers of the Roman-Catholic Church. One (polemical) stanza is omitted. From the last edition of FABER's *Hymns*, Lond. 1862, p. 33.

JESUS is God! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night,
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib;
On Calvary's cross, true God:
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God! there never was
A time when He was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.

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Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
  Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
  And both alike are His!

Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
  And pain and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
  His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life
  To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
  The Godhead of our Lord.

Jesus is God! oh, could I now
  But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
  How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
  I would proclaim so loud, —
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
  Is everlasting God!

Jesus is God! if on the earth
  This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
  More plentiful our praise.

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We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

KING OF KINGS, AND WILT THOU DEIGN?

W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D., author of "I would not live alway." 1859.

KING of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for Thy throne,[1]
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.

Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.

At Thy Word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, desire, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.

[1] So reads the written copy, kindly furnished me by the author. In the printed volume of his poems, this line is changed thus: —

"Other Sovereign, none I'll own."

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Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At Thy feet her golden crown.

Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

Be it so: my heart's Thy throne,
All my powers Thy sceptre own,
And, with them on Thine own hill,
Live rejoicing in Thy will.

O CHRIST, THE LORD OF HEAVEN!

RAY PALMER, D.D., May 9, 1867. Praise to Christ. Rev. xix. 16.

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to Thee,
Clothed with all majesty divine,
Eternal power and glory be,
Eternal praise of right is Thine!

Reign, Prince of Life! that once Thy brow
Didst yield to wear the wounding thorn;
Reign throned beside the Father now,
Adored the Son of God first-born!

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From angel hosts that round Thee stand,
With forms more pure than spotless snow,
From the bright, burning seraph band,
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow!

To Thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,
Born of deep, fervent love shall rise;
All honor to Thy name belongs,
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

Jesus! all earth shall speak the word;
Jesus! all heaven resound it still;
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,
Thy praise the universe shall fill!

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CHRIST JUDGING THE WORLD.

"When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory. And before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." — Matt. xxv. 31, 32.

"We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body." — 2 Cor. v. 10.

JUDEX mundi quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Justæ Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis;
Gere curam mei finis. Amen.

From the Dies Iræ.

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CHRIST JUDGING THE WORLD.

GOD COMES;—AND WHO SHALL STAND?

(Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται.)

Ode of St. Theodore of the Studium (an abbey at Constantinople), distinguished for his sufferings and influence in the Iconoclastic controversy; d. in exile, 826. Translated from the Greek, by Dr. J. M. Neale, 1862.

GOD comes;—and who shall stand before His fear?
Who bide His Presence, when He draweth near?
My soul, my soul, prepare
To kneel before Him there!

Haste,—weep,—be reconciled to Him before
The fearful judgment knocketh at the door:
Where, in the Judge's eyes,
All bare and naked lies.

Have mercy, Lord! have mercy, Lord! I cry,
When with Thine angels Thou appear'st on high:
And man a doom inherits,
According to his merits.

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How can I bear Thy fearful anger, LORD?
I, that so often have transgressed Thy word?
But put my sins away,
And spare me in that day!

O miserable soul! return, lament,
Ere earthly converse end, and life be spent.
Ere, time for sorrow o'er,
The Bridegroom close the door!

Yea, I have sinned, as no man sinned beside:
With more than human guilt my soul is dyed;
But spare, and save me here,
Before that Day appear!

Three Persons in One Essence uncreate,
On Whom, both Three and One, our praises wait,
Give everlasting light
To them that sing Thy might!

THE DAY IS NEAR.

(Ἐφέστηκεν ἡ ἡμέρα.)

From the Greek of ST. THEODORE OF THE STUDIUM, 826. Translated by DR. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

THE Day is near, the judgment is at hand:
Awake, my soul! awake, and ready stand!
Where chiefs shall go with them that filled the throne,

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Where rich and poor the same tribunal own,
And every thought and deed
Shall find its righteous meed.

There with the sheep the Shepherd of the fold
Shall stand together; there the young and old,
Master and slave, one doom shall undergo;
Widow and maiden one tribunal know:
Oh, woe, oh, woe, to them
Whom lawless lives condemn!

That Judgment-seat, impartial in decree,
Accepts no bribe, admits no subtilty:
No orator persuasion may exert,
No perjured witness wrong to right convert,
But all things, hid in night,
Shall then be dragged to light.

Let me not enter in the land of woe;
Let me not realms of outer darkness know!
Nor from the wedding-feast reject Thou me,
For my soiled vest of immortality;
Bound hand and foot, and cast
In anguish that shall last!

When Thou, the nations ranged on either side,
The righteous from the sinners shalt divide,
Then give me to be found amongst Thy sheep,
Then from the goats Thy trembling servant keep,
That I may hear the voice
That bids Thy saints rejoice!

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When righteous inquisition shall be made,
And the books opened, and the thrones arrayed,
My soul, what plea to shield thee canst thou know,
Who hast no fruit of righteousness to show,
No holy deeds to bring
To CHRIST the LORD and King?

I hear the rich man's wail and bitter cry,
Out of the torments of eternity:
I know, beholding that devouring flame,
My guilt and condemnation are the same,
And spare me, LORD, I say,
In the great Judgment-Day!

The WORD and SPIRIT, with the FATHER One,
One Light and emanation of One Sun,
The WORD by generation, we adore,
The SPIRIT by procession, evermore;
And with creation raise
The thankful hymn of praise.

THAT GREAT DAY OF WRATH.

(*Apparebit repentina magna Dies Domini.*)

An anonymous Latin poem, based on Matt. xxv. 31–46, first quoted by the Venerable Bede (d. 735), in his work *De Metris*, and then lost sight of till Cassander published it in his *Hymni Ecclesiastici*. See DANIEL, I. p. 194 *seq.*; TRENCH, pp. 290–292. Translated by Dr. JOHN M. NEALE, who introduces it with the remark, "This rugged but grand judgment-hymn is at least as early as the 7th century, because quoted by the Venerable Bede. It manifestly contains the germ of the *Dies Iræ*, to which

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however inferior in lyric fervor and effect, it scarcely yields in devotion and simple realization of its subject." DANIEL and TRENCH likewise put it on a par with the *Dies Iræ* as to simplicity and faith, but below it in majesty and terror. Both breathe the mediæval spirit of legalistic, rather than of joyous evangelic, piety. This poem is more narrative than lyrical. The Latin is alphabetic and acrostical, every other line following the alphabet in the first letter, — an artificial arrangement for the eye rather than the ear, borrowed from Ps. cxix. and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Other versions by Mrs. CHARLES, and E. C. BENEDICT.

THAT great Day of wrath and terror,
That last Day of woe and doom,
Like a thief at darkest midnight,
On the sons of men shall come;
When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have passed,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is here at last.
Then the trumpet's pealing clangor,
Through the earth's four quarters spread,
Waxing loud and ever louder,
Shall convoke the quick and dead;
And the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume His throne on high,
And the cohorts of His angels
Shall be near Him in the sky.
Then the sun shall turn to darkness,[1]
And the moon be red as blood;
And the stars shall fall from heaven,

---

[1] Neale translates "shall turn to *sackcloth*," which is an improper figure, and not implied in the original: —

"Erubescit orbis lunæ, sol vel *obscurabitur*."

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Whelmed beneath destruction's flood.
Flame and fire and desolation
At the Judge's feet shall go:
Earth and sea and all abysses
Shall His mighty sentence know.

Then th' elect upon the right hand
Of the Lord shall stand around;
But, like goats, the evil-doers
Shall upon the left be found.
"Come, ye Blessed, take the kingdom,"
Shall be there the King's award,
"Which for you, before the world was,
Of My Father was prepared:
I was naked, and ye clothed Me,
Poor, and ye relieved Me; hence,
Take the riches of My glory
For your endless recompense."
Then the righteous shall make question:
"When have we beheld Thee poor,
Lord of glory? When relieved Thee
Lying needy at our door?"
Whom the Blessed King shall answer:
"When ye showed your charity,
Giving bread and home and raiment,
What ye did was done to Me."
In like manner, to the left hand
That most righteous Judge shall say,
"Go, ye cursed, to Gehenna,

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And the fire that is for aye:
For in prison ye came not nigh Me;
Poor, ye pitied not My lot;
Naked, ye have never clothed Me;
Sick, ye visited Me not."
They shall say: "O Christ! when saw we
That Thou calledst for our aid,
And in prison, or sick or hungry,
To relieve have we delayed?"
Whom again the Judge shall answer:
"Since ye never cast your eyes
On the sick and poor and needy,
It was Me ye did despise."

Backward, backward, at the sentence,
To Gehenna they shall fly,
Where the flame is never-ending,
Where the worm can never die;
Where are Satan and his angels
In profoundest dungeon bound;
Where are chains and lamentation,
Where are quenchless flames around.

But the righteous, upward soaring,
To the heavenly land shall go,
Midst the cohorts of the angels,
Where is joy for evermo:
To Jerusalem, exulting,
They with shouts shall enter in;

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That true "sight of peace" and glory
That sets free from grief and sin.
Christ shall they behold for ever,
Seated at the Father's hand,
As in Beatific Vision
His elect before Him stand.

Wherefore man, while yet thou mayest,
From the dragon's malice fly:[1]
Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
If thou seek'st to win the sky;
Let Thy loins be straitly girded,
Life be pure, and heart be right;
At the coming of the Bridegroom,
That thy lamp may glitter bright.

DAY OF WRATH! THAT DAY FORETOLD.

(*Dies iræ, dies illa.*)

The DIES IRÆ (DANIEL, II. p. 103; TRENCH, p. 293, &c.). An act of humiliation, and prayer for mercy, in view of the impending Day of judgment, based upon Zeph. i. 15, 16; Matt. xxv.; 2 Pet. iii. 10–12, &c. Written, in a lonely monastic cell, about 1250, by THOMAS OF CELANO, the friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi. This marvellous hymn is the acknowledged masterpiece of Latin poetry, and the most sublime of all uninspired hymns, often translated, reproduced, and imitated, but never equalled. It is one of those rare productions which can never die, but increase

[1] "Ydri [= Hydri, from ὑδρός] fraudes ergo cave," refers to "the old serpent" (ὁ ὄφις ὁ ἀρχαῖος), as Satan is called, Rev. xii. 9. 14; xx. 2, with reference to the history of temptation, Gen. iii 1. 4.

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in value as the ages advance. It has commanded the admiration of secular poets, and men of letters, like Goethe, Walter Scott, and Macaulay, and has inspired some of the greatest musicians, from Palestrina down to Mozart. The secret of the irresistible power of the *Dies Iræ* lies in the awful grandeur of the theme, the intense earnestness and pathos of the poet, the simple majesty and solemn music of its language, the stately metre, the triple rhyme, and the vowel assonances chosen in striking adaptation to the sense, — all combining to produce an overwhelming effect, as if we heard the final crash of the universe, the commotion of the opening graves, the trumpet of the archangel summoning the quick and the dead, and saw the "King of tremendous majesty" seated on the throne of justice and mercy, and ready to dispense everlasting life or everlasting woe. Goethe describes its effect upon the guilty conscience, in the cathedral-scene of *Faust*: —

"Horror seizes thee!
The trump sounds!
The grave trembles!
And thy heart
From the repose of its ashes,
For fiery torment
Brought to life again,
Trembles up!"

The opening line, which is literally borrowed from the Vulgate version of Zeph. i. 15 (as the *Stabat Mater* likewise opens with a Scripture sentence, — John xix. 25) strikes the key-note to the whole with a startling sound, and brings up at once the judgment-scene as an awful, impending reality. The feeling of terror occasioned by the contemplation of that event culminates in the cry of repentance, ver. 7: "Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus," &c.; but from this the poet rises at once to the prayer of faith, and takes refuge from the wrath to come in the infinite mercy of Him who suffered nameless pain for a guilty world, who pardoned the sinful Magdalene, and saved the dying robber. — For further information, see Lisco's *Dies Iræ*, Berlin, 1840; and Dr. Schaff's chapter on the *Dies Iræ* in his *Literature and Poetry* (pp. 134–180). Dr. Abraham Coles made seventeen versions (1847–1889). See his *Dies Iræ*, N. Y. 1866, etc. The following is a new version, offered with a lively sense of the untranslatableness of the poem.

DAY of wrath! that Day foretold,
By the saints and seers of old,
Shall the world in flames infold.[1]

---

[1] A more literal version: —

"Day of wrath, that woful Day,
Shall the world in ashes lay:
David and the Sibyl say."

But the mythical Sibyl, which, as the representative of the unconscious prophecies of heathendom, is here placed alongside

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What a trembling, what a fear,
When the dread Judge shall appear,
Strictly searching far and near!

Hark! the trumpet's wondrous tone,
Through the tombs of every zone,
Summons all before the throne.

Death shall shiver, nature quake,
When the creatures shall awake,
Answer to their Judge to make.

Lo, the book of ages spread,[1]
From which all the deeds are read
Of the living and the dead.

Now, before the Judge severe,
Hidden things must all appear:
Nought shall pass unpunished here.

Wretched man, what shall I plead,
Who for me will intercede,
When the righteous mercy need?

---

the singer and prophet of Israel, has long since lost the importance which it once occupied in the apologetic theology of the fathers and schoolmen. Yet there is a truth underlying this use made of the Sibylline oracles, and the fourth Eclogue of Virgil, inasmuch as heathenism, in its nobler spirits, was groping in the dark after "the unknown God," and bore negative and indirect testimony to Christ, as the Old Testament positively and directly predicted and foreshadowed His coming.

[1] The *liber scriptus* is not the written Bible (as a translator in the London "Spectator," for March 7, 1868, strangely mistakes it), but the record of all human actions, Dan. vii. 10; Rev. xx. 12.

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King of dreadful majesty,
Author of salvation free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me!

Recollect, good Lord, I pray,
I have caused Thy bitter way:
Don't forget me on that Day!

Weary sat'st Thou seeking me,[1]
Died'st, redeeming, on the tree,
Let such toil not fruitless be![2]

Judge of righteousness severe,
Grant me full remission here,
Ere the reckoning-Day appear.

Sighs and tears my sorrow speak,
Shame and grief are on my cheek:
Mercy, mercy, Lord! I seek.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive,
And absolve the dying thief:
Even I may hope relief.[3]

---

[1] A touching allusion to Christ's fatigue on the journey to Samaria, John iv. 6. (Vulgate: "Jesus *fatigatus* ex itinere, *sedebat* sic supra fontem.")

[2] It is related of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, that, rough and coarse as he was, he could never repeat this stanza in Latin without bursting into a flood of tears.

[3] Copernicus composed the following epitaph for himself:—

"Not the grace bestowed upon Paul do I pray for;
Not the mercy by which Thou pardonedst Peter:
That alone which Thou grantedst the crucified robber,—
That alone do I pray for."

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Worthless are my prayers, I know;
Yet, O Christ! Thy mercy show:
Save me from eternal woe!

Make me with Thy sheep to stand,
Far from the convicted band,
Placing me at Thy right hand.

When the cursed are put to shame,
Cast into devouring flame,
With the blest then call my name!

Suppliant at Thy feet I lie,
Contrite in the dust I cry:
Care Thou for me when I die![1]

DAY OF WRATH! O DAY OF MOURNING!

The DIES IRÆ, translated by Dr. W. J. IRONS, 1848. In England, this is considered the best version preserving the double rhyme of the Latin, and is introduced into the *Hymnal Noted*; *The People's Hymnal* (1867); and other Collections.

DAY of wrath! O Day of mourning!
See! once more the Cross returning,[2]
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

[1] The Earl of Roscommon, in the moment of his death, repeated, with the most fervent devotion, these last lines, in his own version:—

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!"

[2] Dr. Irons, like Dean Alford in his translation, adopts — in the

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O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the Trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth!

Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

Lo, the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing!

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

---

place of the usual, and no doubt original: "Teste David cum Sibylla" — the reading of the Paris missal: —

"Dies iræ, dies illa,
Crucis expandens vexilla [Matt. xxiv. 30],
Solvet sæclum in favilla."

it would be better to substitute for the second line: —

"See fulfilled the prophet's warning."

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Think, kind JESU! — my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me:
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-Day's conclusion!

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning:
Spare, O GOD, Thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

With Thy favored sheep, O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me!

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

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Low I kneel, with heart-submission:
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me, in my last condition!

[Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.

Spare, O GOD! in mercy spare him!
LORD, who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed Requiem!] [1]

THAT DAY OF WRATH!

An abridged version or imitation of the DIES IRÆ, by Sir WALTER SCOTT (d. 1832), which has passed into many hymn-books. Following the example of Goethe's *Faust*, Sir W. Scott introduced these stanzas in the sixth canto of his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. On his deathbed, he distinctly repeated portions of the Latin original. "To my Gothic ear," he once wrote to Crabbe, "the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan."

THAT Day of wrath! that dreadful Day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful Day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;

[1] The last six lines (seven in the Latin) are in different metre, and no part of the original hymn, but added, in the Breviary, from older funeral services already in use.

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And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead, —

Oh! on that Day, that wrathful Day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

LO, THE DAY!—THE DAY OF LIFE.

(*Dies illa, dies vitæ.*)

This poem is a counterpart of the *Dies Iræ*, although perhaps of earlier date, and presents the cheerful aspect of the Day of judgment, as the day of the complete redemption of the faithful. Translated by Mrs. CHARLES (*The Voice of Christian Lij in Song*, p. 190).

LO, the Day! — the Day of Life,
Day of unimagined light,
Day when Death itself shall die,
And there shall be no more night!

Steadily that Day approacheth,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long,
Long implored, at length He hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

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Oh, how past all utterance happy,
Sweet, and joyful it will be
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,
Jesus face to face shall see!

In that Day, how good and pleasant
This poor world to have despised!
And how mournful, and how bitter,
Dear that lost world to have prized!

Blessèd, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure
In those mansions to abide!

There shall be no sighs or weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear;
No old age, no want or sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking there.

There the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed,
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness,
And salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

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To those realms, just Judge, oh, call me!
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager hope, await!

WAKE, AWAKE, FOR NIGHT IS FLYING.

(*Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.*)

From the German of PHILIPP NIKOLAI, of Unna, Westphalia, d. 1608. Matt. xxv. 1–13. The midnight call of a Christian watchman, full of majesty and solemnity, with an appropriate tune, which is called the "king of German chorals" (SCHAFF'S *German Hymn-Book*, No. 157). Translated, in the metre of the original, by Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying:
Awake, Jerusalem, at last!
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake;
Your lamps with gladness take:
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage-feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:

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For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious:
  Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
    Ah, come, Thou blessèd Lord,
    O Jesus, Son of God,
      Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
  With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
  Of angels round Thy dazzling throne:
    Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
    Hath yet attained to hear
      What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

REJOICE, ALL YE BELIEVERS!

(Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen!)

From the German of LAURENTIUS LAURENTI, 1700. His best hymn. The original has ten stanzas (SCHAFF'S *G. H. B.*, No. 158). Translated by Mrs. FINDLATER, in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, Edin. 1854. Adjusted to the measure of the original. ALFORD has given three verses of it a place in his *Year of Praise*, 1867, No. 11. The Lutheran *Church-Book*, Philad. 1868, No. 116, gives four verses, altered.

REJOICE, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear!

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The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near:
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon will He draw nigh.
Up! pray and watch and wrestle:
At midnight comes the cry.

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With Hallelujahs clear!

Ye wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Until, in songs of triumph,
They meet the angel-choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up! up! ye heirs of glory:
The Bridegroom is at hand!

Ye saints who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more.

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Around the throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold;
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

There flourish palms of victory;
There radiant garments are;
There stands the peaceful harvest,
Beyond the reach of war.
There, after stormy winter,
The flowers of earth arise,
And from the grave's long slumber
Shall meet again our eyes.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of our redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

LO! HE COMES WITH CLOUDS.

By CHARLES WESLEY, 1758. This hymn, the English *Dies Iræ*, was originally part second of a hymn in three parts, entitled "Thy Kingdom come," published in Wesley's *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*, 1758. A somewhat similar hymn, in the same metre, was published by the Rev. JOHN CENNICK (first a Methodist then a Moravian, d. 1755), in 1752, commencing, —

"Lo, He cometh! countless trumpets
Blow before the bloody sign."

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In 1760, the Rev. MARTIN MADAN amalgamated, with some alterations, these hymns of Wesley and Cennick, adopting the first, second, and fourth stanzas of Wesley, the third and fifth stanzas of Cennick, and substituting one of his own for the third of Wesley. About 1758, THOMAS OLIVERS composed, in the same metre, a judgment-hymn of twenty stanzas, to which he afterwards added sixteen more. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, Nos. XC. and XCI., gives Madan's compilation (six stanzas), and eleven out of the thirty-six stanzas of Olivers. I prefer the original form of Wesley. There is much confusion about the text and authorship of these hymns. Compare the note of ROGERS, *Lyra Brit.*, p. 675.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.[1]

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[1] After this, MADAN inserts two stanzas from Cennick, with some variations, as follows: —

"Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

CENNICK, orig.: "Stand before the Son of Man."]

"Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.

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The dear tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Jah, Jehovah![1]
Everlasting God, come down!

Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!"
[CENNICK: "Now the promised kingdom's come."]

Then follows, in MADAN's compilation, a stanza which seems to be his own: —

"Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take Thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!"

[1] MADAN changed this line into —

"O come quickly."

PALMER adopted this alteration; but, in the other stanzas, he retained the original readings of Wesley.

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DAY OF JUDGMENT!

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807 (*Olney Hymns*, No. 77). Likewise on the basis of the *Dies Iræ*.

DAY of judgment! Day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty Divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine."
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,

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When you hear your condemnation: —
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part."

Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you, —
Plunge you in the burning lake.
Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake.

But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow.
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know."

Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise:
Swiftly God's great Day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise;
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

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THE LORD WILL COME.

By Bishop REGINALD HEBER, D.D.; died in India, 1826. From his *Poetical Works*. London, 1854, p. 43. For Second Sunday in Advent.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain.
Go, seek the mountains' cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come!

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JESUS, THY CHURCH.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST, a clergyman of the Church of England; b. near Bristol, 1796; d. 1877.

JESUS, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
For Thy expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

O come and reign o'er every land!
Let Satan from his throne be hurled,
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear;
The smitten earth already reels;
And, not far off, we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot wheels

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Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour,
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

THE CHARIOT! THE CHARIOT!

By Dr. H. H. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's; b. in London, 1791; d. 1868.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! By myriads are poured
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! The dead have all heard.
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnels are stirred;
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth!

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The judgment! the judgment! The thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word!

Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! look down from above,
Creator! on us, Thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

THE THRONE OF HIS GLORY!

"Then shall He sit upon the throne of His Glory." By Dr. W. A. MUHLENBERG, New York, 1839.

THE Throne of His Glory!—as snow it is white,
Upborne in the air by the legions of Light;
And, startled to life by the trumpet's last sound,
The hosts of the nations stand waiting around.

The Throne of His Glory!—there lieth unsealed
The Life-roll, the Death-roll, of names ne'er revealed,
Now secret no longer: the millions divide
To the right and the left, on the Throne's either side.

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The Throne of His Glory!—and glorious there
stand
The elect of His love, and the sheep of His hand;
While dark on His left, shrunk away from His face,
The lost ones that sought not the Throne of His
grace.

The Throne of His Glory!—my poor trembling
soul!
Oh what, when arraigned there, thy dread shall
control,
Of that doom of the exiled, "Ye cursed depart!"
For ever and ever to toll on the heart.

From thy Father an exile? Thy home never see?
No, child of His mercy, unchanging and free,
Ere creation began, in the councils of love,
He wrote thee an heir of His kingdom above.

LATE, LATE, SO LATE!

The foolish virgins. Matt. xxv. 11, 12. By ALFRED TENNYSON, poet laureate of England. From *Idylls of the King* (the Legends of King Arthur), first publ. 1859 (from the last poem, entitled *Guinevere*, which has been called his highest effort).

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

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No light had we: for that we do repent;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

No light, so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!
"No, no; too late! ye cannot enter now."

COME, LORD, AND TARRY NOT.

By Horatius Bonar, D.D. From his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series

"Senuit mundus." — Augustine.

COME, Lord, and tarry not:
Bring the long-looked-for Day;
O why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

Come, for Thy saints still wait:
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

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Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

Come, for Thy Israel pines,
An exile from Thy fold;
O call to mind Thy faithful word,
And bless them as of old!

Come, for Thy foes are strong,
With taunting lip they say,
"Where is the promised Advent now,
And where the dreaded Day?"

Come, for the good are few;
They lift the voice in vain:
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

Come, for the truth is weak,
And error pours abroad
Its subtle poison o'er the earth, —
An earth that hates her God.

Come, for love waxes cold;
Its steps are faint and slow:
Faith now is lost in unbelief,
Hope's lamp burns dim and low

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Come, for the grave is full;
Earth's tombs no more can hold:
The sated sepulchres rebel,
And groans the heaving mould.

Come, for the corn is ripe;
Put in Thy sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth, —
Sower and reaper Thou!

Come, in Thy glorious might,
Come with the iron rod,
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

Come, spoil the strong man's house,
Bind him and cast him hence;
Show Thyself stronger than the strong,
Thyself Omnipotence.

Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

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HOPE OF OUR HEARTS.

"The Church waiting for the Son from Heaven." By Sir EDWARD DENNY, Bart., a writer on prophetic topics. From his *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1837.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord! appear:
Thou glorious Star of day,
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our fears, away!

Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee:
Oh! leave the Father's throne;
Come with the shout of victory, Lord,
And claim us for Thine own!

Oh! bid the bright archangel now
The trump of God prepare,
To call Thy saints — the quick, the dead —
To meet Thee in the air.

No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and Thee.

But, dearest Lord, however bright
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?

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What to the joy—the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free—
Of union with our Living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

This joy e'en now on earth is ours:
But only, Lord, above,
Our hearts, without a pang, shall know
The fulness of Thy love.

There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb
Who died to make her free.

BRIDE OF THE LAMB, AWAKE!

"The Church cheered with the Hope of her Lord's Return." By Sir EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!
Why sleep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine,
A child of glory thou.

Thy spirit, through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

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But see! the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is near;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

He comes — for oh! His yearning heart
No more can bear delay —
To scenes of full, unmingled joy,
To call His bride away.

This earth, the scene of all His woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon, upon His heavenly throne,
Its rightful King shall see.

Thou, too, shalt reign, — He will not wear
His crown of joy alone;
And earth His royal bride shall see
Beside Him, on the throne.

Then weep no more: 'tis all thine own,
His crown, His joy divine;
And, sweeter far than all beside,
He, He Himself, is thine!

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